McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

VOL. XLVIII SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1911 NO. 51

TWO MEN KILLED IN COLLISION ON P. R. R. FRIDAY

Pay Train and Section Motor Car Met Near Coryville.

SEVEN OTHERS WERE INJURED

All Were on the Section Motor Car—Both Bodies Brought to Smethport—The Injured Men Taken to Port Allegany Hospital—All Will Recover.

One of the most frightful accidents that has ever happened on the Clermont branch of the Pennsylvania railroad occurred at about 7:45 o'clock last Friday morning on a curve between Farmers Valley and Coryville and about six miles north of Smethport, when the paymaster's special train southbound ran into the northbound section hands' motor car. Both the pay train and the motor were running at over 35 miles and the result was the killing of two men on the section hands' motor and more or less severe injuries to the seven others.

The dead are:

Andrew Carlson, section boss, who was running the motor car. His body was so terribly mangled that it hardly had any resemblance of a human being. His head and face was cut and crushed beyond all recognition and his body was literally chopped to pieces under the wheels of the pay train.

Oscar Thoren, a member of the crew, had the top of his head cut off at the edge of the hair, but his face was not badly cut, and his body was considerably mangled.

The injured:

Julius Carlson, right leg broken above ankle and right wrist sprained.

Carl Thoren, the 19-year-old son of Oscar Thoren, slightly cut and bruised.

James Baba, East Smethport, injury to right elbow, hip and knee.

Bert Oviatt, East Smethport, right hand badly sprained and right ankle sprained, black eye, and otherwise bruised about arms and body.

Thomas Oviatt, East Smethport, bit tongue, hurt foot and otherwise cut and bruised.

Justin and Carl Freeburg, East Smethport, cut and bruised.

When the terrible crash came, Andrew Carlson and Oscar Thoren, who were sitting on the front seat, did not jump and were killed. But Mr. Carlson told the others to jump, which they did and all escaped without being dangerously hurt.

The pay train was stopped as soon as possible and the remains of the two dead men picked up and placed in the car. The other members of the section crew were taken on board and brought to Smethport, where Undertaker H. H. Sasse met the train and took charge of the remains of the two men who were killed. The other members of the crew accompanied by Dr. Burg Chadwick, were taken to Port Allegany where they entered Dr. McGrainor's private hospital and were given medical attention. H. B. Oviatt, Thomas Oviatt and James Baba returned home that night and Justin and Carl Freeburg were able to come home the early part of the week.

Undertaker Sasse prepared the remains for burial and sent them to their respective homes. A. E. Carlson lived at Wrights, Pa., and Oscar Thoren at Port Allegany.

Mr. Carlson, who had been employed by the Pennsylvania railroad for a number of years, only came to Smethport a few months ago and took charge of the section here. He has made his home at Wrights for a good many years, where he was highly respected. He leaves a wife and three sons.

Oscar Thoren has been a resident of Port Allegany for many years, at one time owning a large furniture store in that place. In 1909 he lost his store and stock by fire and since that time has been employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad company as a carpenter. He is survived by a wife and four children, and a large circle of friends in that place.

Just where the blame will be laid for this terrible accident is hard to tell. All kinds of rumors are afloat regarding it but they are hard to run down owing to the fact that Pennsylvania Railroad employees have a habit of saying just as little as possible about accidents that occur on this line.

It is claimed by some that the station agent at Larabee tried to get this station by telephone to warn the section gang but could not, although Section Boss Carlson was expected to go to the telephone and get his orders from Larabee every morning before starting out for the day's work. That he knew the pay train was due to come up that morning and he had no business to start without receiving orders.

Friends of the dead man admit that he knew the pay train was due that day but say it was not expected so early. They say that Carlson tried to get Larabee before he started but failed. He then run to Farmers Valley where he again tried to get Larabee on the telephone and failed. Thinking he had time to make Coryville, he started for that place and when on this curve he met the train with the above results.

SHE BEAT A CHILD.

Keating Township School Teacher Charged with Assault and Battery.

East Friday morning Mrs. Mabel Crawford, teacher of the Burbank school in Keating township had occasion to punish the eight-year-old son of Peter Olson, who resides just south of the borough line on the Potato creek road, and according to reports she rather overdid the job.

The boy, who is said to have been disobedient, was called up by Mrs. Crawford for his punishment and in this operation she used a piece of hose such as is used for connecting gas stoves. The hose was applied to the youngster with such energy, it is said, that his eyes were blackened and large black and blue ridges too numerous to mention were raised on the boy's back from his neck to his hips.

On Tuesday Mr. Olson swore out a warrant for Mrs. Crawford before Justice A. W. Colegrove and she was brought before the magistrate by Detective Jones that evening. Mrs. Crawford waived a hearing and gave bail for her appearance at the February term of criminal court in the sum of $200.

THE TRAVELLERS' CLUB.

Members Held a Social Session Last Saturday Afternoon.

The Travellers' Club enjoyed a delightful social afternoon on Saturday of last week. Fifty members and guests were present. The club house was charmingly decorated with Christmas greens, holly, mistletoe, bells, candles and tinsel and the handsome assembly room presented a real holiday appearance.

Roll call was responded to by the recital of Christmas quotations, customs and legends. Christmas hymns were sung by all and a ladies' quartette, namely Mesdames Hungerville, Clark, Walker and Bouton, sang very pleasing selections. Mrs. Hogarth read an amusing story of how the General Federation of Women's clubs put down the cost of living.

Delicious refreshments were served. The committee in charge was, Mrs. J. C. Backus, Mrs. Masser, Mrs. Mary L. Bisset, Mrs. T. H. Purtle, Mrs. James McKean and Mrs. E. T. Daly, who are deserving of great praise for the success of the day.

THE SMALLPOX SCARE.

Statement Issued by Olean Board of Health—Twenty-Six Cases.

Olean, N. Y., Dec. 17.—A. E. Smith, president of the Board of Health has issued the following statement relative to the smallpox scare here.

"The smallpox situation in this city is as follows: Twenty-six cases, all of mild form. Twenty-five of these cases are located in East Olean as follows: Seventeen are on Railroad avenue, which is a back street, and ten of these cases are in one house. Three cases in one house on King street; four cases in one house on Bishop street; one case at 209 South Second street.

"Every case is now under the strictest possible quarantine. Officers are constantly patrolling the infected districts. The main thoroughfares are open and people come and go as usual. There is no danger to the general public. The situation is well in hand and I believe the worst is over.

A. E. SMITH,
President of the Board of Health.

Advertise in The Miner.

DEATH OF B. HARRY FOX.

Well-Known Bradford Young Man Died in Albany, N. Y., Sunday.

The many Smethport friends of Roderick Harrison Fox were greatly pained to learn of the death of that popular young Bradford man, which occurred in Albany, N. Y., last Sunday afternoon from heart disease.

"'Harry' Fox was 35 years of age. He was born in Chicago and came to Bradford with his parents in 1878. He attended the public schools of Bradford and was a graduate from Devereaux College at Suspension Bridge, N. Y. Subsequently he was a student at Trinity college at Hartford, Conn., and after graduating from that institution returned to Bradford. For many years he was identified with the management of the St. James hotel, and on leaving Bradford went to Albany, where he was employed as cashier and bookkeeper by Egbert & Hamilton.

"Mr. Fox had been in poor health for several years. He suffered intensely from rheumatism and was frequently incapacitated from performing any kind of work. For several months he was a patient at the Bradford hospital, and was discharged from that institution much improved in health. Mr. Fox was a young man of such pleasing qualities that he was generally admired. His hosts of friends in Bradford and its vicinity will sincerely mourn his death.

"Deceased is survived by his mother, Mrs. Ella Fox of Bradford; one brother, Ted Fox of Bradford; two sisters, Mrs. C. L. Egbert of Albany, N. Y., and Miss Jane Fox of Bradford."

The body was shipped from Albany to Olean on Monday, and the funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon under the auspices of Trinity Commandry, No. 58, Knights Templar, of Bradford.

DEATH OF MRS. BROWN.

She Died in a Hospital in Indianapolis on Thursday Last.

Mrs. Flora E. Brown, widow of the late A. F. Brown, who was foreman for the Smethport Extract Company here for a number of years and later moved to Bradford, died at a hospital in Indianapolis last Thursday, December 14, 1911, aged 49 years. Mrs. Brown, although not in a serious condition at the time, entered the hospital some time ago and was receiving treatment.

Miss Flora E. Brooks was a resident of Olean, N. Y., most of her life until she was united in marriage to Mr. Brown and came to Smethport to live. When the Smethport Extract Company wound up its business here, Mr. and Mrs. Brown moved to Bradford where they resided until the death of Mr. Brown. She continued to live in Bradford up to the time she went to the hospital where she died.

The deceased is survived by four brothers, C. E. Brooks of Bradford; H. K., L. H. and H. A. Brooks, all of Olean.

Mrs. Brown was an exceptionally intelligent and companionable woman and during her residence in this place she made a host of friends who will deeply mourn her untimely death.

The funeral services were held in Olean last Sunday.

RICHESON WOUNDS HIMSELF.

Minister Charged With Killing Avis Linnell Cuts Himself With Piece of Tin.

Boston, Dec. 20.—Rev. Clarence V. T. Richeson, who is confined in the Charles street jail awaiting trial on the charge of murdering Miss Avis Linnell, cut himself with a piece of tin at an early hour to-day.

It is said that the wound was inflicted in the groin and that, although Richeson disfigured himself, his condition is understood not to be serious.

Counsel for the accused man state that Richeson attempted to emasculate himself, inflicting injuries which made it necessary for physicians to complete his act by an operation at the prison hospital.

The jail physician stated at 11:30 o'clock to-day that Richeson would recover, barring complications.

District Attorney Pelletier in an official statement said that the trial of Richeson for murder would begin on Jan. 15, the date originally set.

WANTED—Work at home, or by day. Will do washings, etc.
BOX 31, East Smethport.

ROSARIO GIGLIOTTI CAPTURED

Chief Harry Mooney Got Him at Ketner on Sunday.

HE OFFERED NO RESISTANCE.

Taken to Bradford Sunday—Has Hearing Monday and Lodged in County Jail Tuesday Morning—He Does Not Deny the Killing—Talks Very Little.

Rosario Gigliotti, alias Anisette, and sometimes called "Joe," is now in the county jail awaiting trial for the murder of Grace Graham Bigler and Anthony Kohnen at the home of the Bigler woman, at No. 12 Johnson street, Bradford, on the night of December 10.

He was arrested at Ketner, a station on the Erie railroad near Johnsonburg, by Chief of Police Mooney, and taken to Bradford where he was given a hearing before Alderman E. F. Williams at 1 o'clock Monday afternoon, District Attorney Guy B. Mayo appeared for the Commonwealth and Attorney F. M. Nash represented the accused man. Gigliotti was held on the charge of murder for trial and was brought here Tuesday morning by Detective Jones and lodged in jail.

From Monday's Bradford Era we glean the following: His capture was effected Sunday afternoon, by Chief of Police Mooney, at a shanty occupied by Italian laborers, near Ketner, Pa., on the line of the Erie railroad. The fugitive offered no resistance. He had reached Ketner on Saturday evening and had asked for and received lodging at the camp of men employed in reconstructing the Ketner dam. He was a stranger to the men and they gave him food and shelter.

When Chief Mooney arrived at the shanty Sunday afternoon at about 1 o'clock the officer was clad in citizen's clothing. He entered the building and saw Gigliotti seated in the commissary room on a box. Mooney was not observed by him until the chief laid his hand on his fugitive's shoulder. "Hello, Joe," said Mooney.

Gigliotti was taken by surprise but made no effort to escape. "All right, Harry," he said in response to the officer's greeting. "I will go with you."

The chief placed the handcuffs on his prisoner and searched him. In Gigliotti's pockets he found a razor, a jack knife and an envelope containing a white substance and a religious picture card.

Chief Mooney took his prisoner to Ketner station and flagged a train running toward Bradford. At Newton, County Detective Jones, who was on his way from Smethport to Buffalo, where a suspect had been arrested by the police, was greatly surprised to see the man he sought already in the hands of the law. Mooney, Jones and Gigliotti reached Bradford at 3:30 p. m. and the prisoner was at once taken to the police station. He was placed in a cell in the upstairs apartment and was given food which he said he needed—being quite hungry.

The news of the capture soon spread about town and a crowd gathered around the city building. The public had taken deep interest in the double tragedy so deliberately committed on the preceding Sunday night and much genuine satisfaction was felt over the capture.

An Era man was permitted to see Gigliotti in the lockup. The prisoner was pale and troubled in his appearance. For a week he had obtained but little food and had doubtless undergone much mental distress over the expectation of being caught. He looked thin, wan and haggard. His eyes shone with that peculiar expression described as a "hunted look." The man had shaved off his mustache while trying to get away from the police and did not much resemble the pictures that have been printed of him.

"Why did you kill Grace Bigler and Anthony Kohnen?" asked the newspaper man.

"I can't speak English good," replied the prisoner with a pronounced foreign accent. "I don't want to speak about that."

"You can tell why you killed them," persisted the reporter. "I can understand you."

Then in broken sentences Gigliotti stated that he went to the house of the Bigler woman and gave her $5. Later he learned that Anthony Kohnen was there and became incensed. He asked to have his money returned to him by Mrs. Bigler, but she would not give it back. Neither would she order Kohnen from her place at Gigliotti's request. Then the latter went to his boarding house he said and secured his shotgun "to scare Kohnen away."

Asked if he had originally intended to kill the couple he answered negatively. The double tragedy he intimated was an afterthought. But he did not deny that he had killed the man and woman as charged against him by eye-witnesses.

What's the Use?

"How do you feel about it now, Joe?" he was asked. "I don't know he answered, with a shrug.

"Don't you feel sorry that you committed those two murders?" he was asked.

"Well," replied the man, "what's the use? Somebody do something and then it is done. He can't help it when it's done. No use to be sorry."

But whether it was remorse over his crimes or fear of the consequence, Gigliotti was a most dejected figure as he sat on the cot of his narrow cell and thought of his predicament. He is not a man of a high order of intelligence. In fact it is easy to see that while he is in full possession of

(Continued from page 8)

SMETHPORT'S FIRST ANNUAL CHARITY BALL.

Will be held Wednesday, January 3rd, at the Lyceum. Without an exception this will be the finest dance ever held in Smethport or, in fact, in this section of the State. Mo'l's Orchestra (12 pieces and soloists) of Rochester, N. Y., will furnish the music. This orchestra ranks as one of the four best in the United States; some go so far as to say it's the best orchestra in America outside of New York city. Anyway, take it from us it will be the finest music you ever heard.

The entire net proceeds of this dance will go to our much respected townsman, P. E. Abbey.

Tickets, $6.00 per couple. (The cost will be $2.00 for each extra lady). Tickets will be placed on sale December 19th at Chadwick's, Hogarth's, Wells' and McCoy's drug stores.

Give yourself one night of real pleasure and at the same time know that you are contributing to a most worthy cause. Even if you do not dance, go anyway, and enjoy the gayety and music. It will do you good.

THEY WERE DESTITUTE.

Man and Woman Who Came Here From Austin—Two Children Drowned in Flood.

A man and his wife who, some weeks ago, came to Bradford were found recently in an almost starving condition. The man had been injured and was unable to work. A friendly person called at his rooms and was there confronted with a most distressing sight. The man and his wife were in a serious physical state owing to lack of food. The wife was so distressed with her misfortunes that she desired to die. Medical assistance was obtained and food was promptly sent to the house. And what might have ended in the actual death of two persons from starvation became an occasion which took on the Christmas spirit in the right sense.

The couple originally lived in Canada. They located in Austin, Potter county, and the flood there swept away their home, their two children being drowned and all their goods destroyed on September 30 last—Today's Bradford Era.

At the Buffalo Auto Show, Dec. 30 to Jan. 6, next, there will be placed on exhibition by the United States Motor Co., one of the COLUMBIA-KNIGHT cars, which has created such a sensation among automobilists. Anyone desiring a demonstration of this car, with the wonderful, noiseless, sliding sleeve-valve motor, should communicate with the Backus Novelty Co., Smethport, Pa., Distributors for McKean, Warren and Potter counties. A card to them, stating when you expect to visit the show, etc., will bring you a letter which will insure you a thorough demonstration of this wonderful car, without any obligation on your part. 1t

RUSSIAN TREATY ABROGATED.

United States to Terminate it on December 31, 1912.

Washington, Dec. 19.—The treaty with Russia of 1832 will be terminated without ruffling the feelings of the Czar, and the threatened crisis over the Jewish passport question has passed into history.

Without a dissenting vote the Senate to-day passed the Lodge resolution approving of the President's course in notifying Russia that the treaty will terminate December 31, 1912. The harmony that prevails in the Senate may be taken as a guarantee that the House will concur in the resolution to-morrow. The President will sign the resolution forthwith and an end will thus be made of the whole matter.

The only opposition to the resolution was led by Senator Hitchcock, of Nebraska, who offered a substitute stating that the reason for terminating the treaty are Russia's discrimination against American citizens because of religious or racial prejudices.

Mr. Hitchcock got the support of O'Gorman of New York, Rayner of Maryland, Culberson of Texas and Williams of Mississippi. But two Democrats, Stone of Missouri and Shively of Indiana, united with Root, Lodge and Heyburn in opposing the opposition.

While Hitchcock did his best to get his substitute adopted, neither he or any of those who supported him on the floor showed any rancor. Senator Stone was the only speaker who referred to politics and he had nothing to say about the President. The debate began shortly after noon and the 6 o'clock whistles were blowing when Senator Lodge reminded his colleagues that some action would have to be taken that night. Then by agreement 7 hour for voting was fixed a. t. Most of the senators stayed in the chamber all the afternoon. Nearly all of them had speeches up their sleeves, but with admirable self-restraint suppressed them in the general interest.

The only question upon which there was the least difference of opinion was the form the resolution should take. Heyburn, Lodge and Root were for wording it carefully after the diplomatic fashion so that Russia could not possible take umbrage when it arrived at St. Petersburg in the form of a state paper.

Hitchcock, Rayner and O'Gorman favored more plain, radical speaking. They held that the United States is big enough to say what it likes about the treaty. None of them were willing to go as far as the Sulzer resolution.

St. Petersburg, Dec. 19.—There was an ominous pause in government circles to-day following the abrogation of the treaty of 1832 by the United States. The situation was discussed with much bitterness this evening at the ceremonies in connection with the Czar's birthday. Officially the government maintains a dead silence. The dominant Nationalist party is busy preparing an anti-American campaign, raking up such charges as the allegation that American interference prevented Russia ending the war with Japan victoriously and using recent utterances by prominent Americans against Russia to arouse patriotic defiance.

Washington, Dec. 20.—From a high authority the International News Service learns to-night that negotations are under way for a new treaty between the United States and Russia to take the place of the treaty of 1832 which by action of the President and Congress will terminate December 31, 1912.

This means hat Russia has accepted the notice of termination without offense and stands ready to make a new agreement with the United States on terms proposed by the latter country.

All prospective teachers should familiarize themselves with the School Code. A course in this is offered at the Clarion State Normal School in connection with the work in School Methods. Write for descriptive outline. Winter Term opens January 2. Tuition free to prospective teachers, other expenses low. Write for further information to The Principal, Clarion, Pa.

Millinery for Winter.

My Millinery display for Fall and Winter is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct thing in ladies' and children's headgear, call on CARRIE CLARK.

TWO DINNERS

A Thanksgiving Story

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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When Jack Hilliard announced that he expected to spend a lonely Thanksgiving, as his family had not returned from Europe, Harry Clifton, his fellow clerk in the insurance office, laid aside his pen and whirled around on his high stool.

"Come and eat dinner with us, Jack," he said cordially. "We would be glad to have you."

"Thank you, Harry. I will come," accepted Jack. "It's mighty nice of you to ask me."

Jack Hilliard was only a clerk in the insurance office, but his position was a more desirable one than any of the others. His father was the president of the company, and young Jack was learning the business from the bottom up. He had commenced as office boy and was now a senior clerk. So well had he progressed, however, that his father had decided to promote him to an official position at the beginning of the new year. This was a secret that Jack did not know.

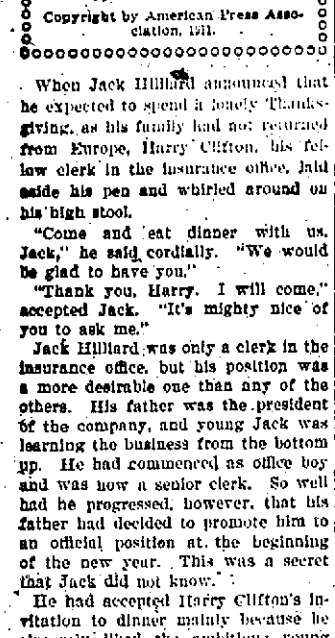
He had accepted Harry Clifton's invitation to dinner mainly because he sincerely liked the ambitious young man who had worked so conscientiously at his elbow for several years. He and Harry Clifton had worked their way up in the office side by side, and when the time came for his father to promote Jack Hilliard there was a strong probability that Jack would urge that Harry Clifton was equally deserving of promotion, and there was also a strong probability that Harry would receive it.

This conversation had taken place the day before Thanksgiving, and that evening Jack Hilliard, who was dining at restaurants during the absence of his parents, met at dinner a pleasure loving friend.

"Doing anything tomorrow?" asked Fred Simpson.

"Yes; I've got a dinner engagement," said Jack.

"Can't you forget it or something?" went on Simpson eagerly. "A lot of us fellows are going to motor down



THE GIRL HE HAD DREAMED ABOUT.

to Feben's place, on the Bleak road, and have a high old dinner, and Manson's going to sing his latest song. Come along with us."

"Couldn't possibly, thanks," said Jack easily.

"Why not? Dining with your grandmother?"

"No; with friends."

"Bet there's a girl in the case."

"You're mistaken, Fred. I'm sorry about your dinner, though. I haven't met Manson in several years."

"And you won't see him again in five years, for he's off for Scotland the day after. This is a flying visit. You'll be justified in breaking your engagement and"— Simpson paused suggestively.

Jack's face was a study in perplexity. Manson was a college friend of whom he was particularly fond, and he would have liked to see him. On the other hand, he had accepted Harry Clifton's invitation to dinner, and he would not withdraw under any consideration. The Cliftons lived modestly, he knew, and Harry had invited him cordially to partake of this family feast. Manson would have to go back to Scotland without seeing him. He would not wound Harry Clifton's feelings.

"I'm sorry, Fred, but I can't break the engagement," he said firmly. "Remember me to old Manson and tell him if he will phone me what his boat is I'll run down and see him off."

Thanksgiving day was a gray, sunless day, with a bitter little wind that whined plaintively around corners and rattled shutters when there were any to rattle and made itself generally disagreeable. It was the sort of weather that invited one to lounge before a crackling wood fire or a glowing coal grate.

The Cliftons lived in a small apartment that had once formed part of an old fashioned mansion, and Harry had named the dinner hour as 6:30. Jack Hilliard chose to walk the distance between his home and the Cliftons', and as he strode along the bleak streets he could not help regretting that he was not to see his friend Manson. Then he thought of Simpson's remark about there being "a girl in the case."

There was a girl in the case so far as Jack himself was concerned, but it was rather a strange case, too, for he had seen the girl only twice, and he did not know her name. Her face was hauntingly sweet, her hair and eyes were brown, and she had the most charming flickering pink color in her cheeks.

Jack Hilliard had never cared much for girls. He had always been too busy with lusty out of door sports to care about them or to think about them. But when his eyes met those of the girl with the brown eyes his heart had throbbed queerly, and it continued to perform in the same odd manner whenever he thought of her.

He was still thinking of this unknown girl when he reached Clifton's home, but her face vanished with his entrance into the softly lighted private hall, where Harry divested him of his overcoat and pushed him into the small parlor.

It was a pleasant little room, charmingly furnished, with an open piano and a bright fire glowing in an open Franklin fireplace.

"My mother and sister will be in presently," said Harry as they sat down before the fire. "You know, we keep no servant, and they are putting the finishing touches to the dinner."

"I'm afraid I have made extra work for them," said Jack regretfully, but Harry Clifton reassured him, and soon the two became deeply interested in a small model of a new invention that was then stirring the world.

"The father of a friend of mine invented that," observed Jack as he turned the model over.

"Do you know Silas Manson?" asked Harry in surprise.

"Why, yes. His son and I were classmates."

"Silas Manson is my uncle. Jerry is our own cousin. He is dining with us tonight," said Harry.

"Well, by Jove, but I'm glad!" cried Jack, concealing his surprise at the newly discovered relationship. "I heard that Jerry was dining down on the Bleak road and would sail for Scotland tomorrow morning. I was disappointed not to see him."

"He's going to dine here first and go down with his friends at 9 o'clock," said Harry; then, rising, he added, "Ah, that is his ring now!" Excusing himself, he left the room to return with Jerry Manson.

The two college friends greeted each other joyfully, and there was a half hour of excited talk before dinner was announced.

Presently Mrs. Clifton appeared, a small, delicate looking little lady with snow white hair and brown eyes. Jack Hilliard bowed low over her little hand, stained as it was with preparations for the Thanksgiving feast. She was as gracious and self possessed as his own mother, whose fingers had never prepared a meal in her life.

"We are rather old fashioned people, Mr. Hilliard," she said. "We cling to old family customs, and we do like to observe our festivals at home. A Thanksgiving dinner eaten in a fashionable restaurant never tastes quite so good to me."

"I feel sure that this is going to mark an era in festivals with me," smiled Jack, and then he stopped short and was guilty of staring.

He had been seated facing an old fashioned pier glass between the front windows, and now he saw reflected in its depths the form of his brown eyed girl—the girl he had seen twice, the girl he had dreamed about. It was too wonderful to be true, and yet it must be true, for Harry and Manson had arisen, and Jack found himself on his feet and turning to be introduced to Alice Clifton. When their eyes met he was sure there was a gleam of recognition in their brown depths.

Alice Clifton was wearing a pale pink frock, and pink was undoubtedly her color. It flushed her delicately until she looked like a sweet pink rose.

"To think of what I might have missed if I had thrown over Harry's invitation," said Jack to himself, as they went in to dinner and he found himself facing Alice Clifton. "To think of what I would have missed if I had not come tonight! It's all too wonderful for anything—to have old Manson here too!"

It was a delicious dinner and was marked by much fun and merriment. From the very beginning Jack Hilliard had no eyes for any one but lovely Alice Clifton. He was afraid that this might be a delightful dream from which he would awaken to find her vanished from his sight as had happened before.

It was late when he left the Cliftons' home and at the foot of the steps he paused and looked up at the sky, which had now cleared. The stars shone brightly down and a moon hung high in the heavens.

Jack Hilliard had never been a religious youth, but now his heart was so full of joy and gratitude at the happenings of the eventful day that a new understanding of things came to him and remained with him ever after.

He looked up at the sky and his eyes seemed to pierce beyond the stars. "For meeting her—for all these things—for everything—thanks!" he said solemnly and went on his way.

IBSEN AS A TAILOR.

The Only Help He Needed Was in Threading the Needle.

An interesting story of Ibsen as a tailor is told in a Paris contemporary. Jonas Lie, a Norwegian poet, was accustomed to spend part of the summer at Berchtesgaden, in the Salesburg Alps. On one of these occasions, while sojourning in the neighborhood, Ibsen turned up at his friend's residence and asked to see Mme. Lie, adding that they need not disturb the poet. When madame appeared Ibsen apologized. It was only a trifle—a button had come off. He had purchased a needle and thread. Mme. Lie, womanlike, offered to sew on the button, but the poet would not hear of it. All he asked was that she would aid him by threading the needle. He had found it most difficult. The lady, of course, complied, and Ibsen went on his way rejoicing.

Mme. Lie did not meet Ibsen again until some days after the needle difficulty was surmounted. This time he called to see the poet. There was no demand for an interview with the poet's wife. In the course of conversation the lady, "wishing to get her own back," inquired somewhat satirically if she could be of any service to her husband's friend. Could she thread another needle for him? "A thousand thanks, my dear madame," replied the author of "The Doll's House." "I took care when you threaded the needle for me to make the thread long enough to last the whole summer."—London Globe.

CHANGED HER MIND.

Strategic Game in Domestic Economy the Husband Played.

Strategy can sometimes be made as effective in domestic economy as in the operations of war. By way of illustration consider an instance that recently arose in a certain city.

An ambitious young housewife there had an opportunity to buy at a great bargain a handsome rug which she needed. The price was only $200, but the owner declared that the rug was actually worth $300. The young woman's husband gently protested that even $200 was more than persons of their income could afford for a single article of household furnishing, but after much persuasion he consented to the purchase, as most husbands do in such cases.

But this particular husband played a strategic game. When he gave his wife the money to pay for the rug it was not in currency notes of large denomination, but in the form of 200 round, sound silver dollars. The young woman was astounded. Until the money was counted down dollar by dollar she never had realized that it would take so many to pay for that rug. She decided to buy a sixty-five dollar rug, but declared that if the money had been given to her in two notes of $100 each she would have bought the costlier one without hesitation.—New York Mail.

Origin of the Dog.

It has been supposed that the dog, like the jackal, descended from a special race. Examination of the skulls of the canidae in the museum of the French Academy of Sciences shows that nearly all of the jackal and wolf species differ from those of the little wolf of India. The little wolf of India is the only wild beast possessing the salient eyebrow or crest of the dog. The little wolf has not only the dog's eyebrow crest, but all the canine characteristics and none of the characteristics of the wolf. It is presumable that the little wolf of India was the original ancestor of the dog. The two primitive canine races, the "dog of the bogs and the dog of the age of bronze," were domesticated first in Asia and were introduced into Europe from Asia, like most of the domestic animals of Europe.—Harper's Weekly.

The Origin of Fasting.

As is the case with all very ancient practices, the origin of fasting is obscure. Herbert Spencer gives us to understand that the custom arose out of the habit of providing refreshments for the dead. The offerings to the dead were often made in so lavish a manner as to involve the survivors in temporary starvation, and it is suggested by Spencer that the fasting which was at first the natural and inevitable result of the sacrifice on behalf of the dead, may eventually have come to be regarded as an indispensable concomitant of all sacrifice and worship and so have survived as a well established usage long after the original cause had ceased to operate.—New York American.

Stopped In Time.

Little Bob's father was fond of telling bear stories to his little boys. One evening he was telling a thrilling one about a bear chasing a little girl and "how he crept nearer and nearer and nearer." At this point Bob caught his father's arm, and, with the big tears falling down his cheeks, he cried: "Oh, father, don't tell any more. He might catch her!"—Detroit Free Press.

Sanitarium Fame.

First Invalid—You must think you are somebody, judging from the way you talk. Second Ditto—I want you to realize, sir, that I've been fought over in some of the best hospitals in the land.—Puck.

Easily Pleased.

Friend—I suppose it is hard work pleasing the editors? Poet—Not very. All one needs do is stop writing.—Town Topics.

Publish your joys and conceal your griefs.

HANDEL'S TEMPER.

Sorely Tried by a Joker Who Knew the Composer's Weakness.

The celebrated composer Handel had such a remarkable irritation of nerves that he could not bear to hear the tuning of instruments, and therefore this was always done before he arrived at the theater.

A musical wag who knew how to extract some mirth from Handel's irascibility of temper stole into the orchestra on a night when the Prince of Wales was to be present and untuned all the instruments. As soon as the prince arrived Handel gave the signal of beginning, con spirito, but such was the horrible discord that the enraged musician started up from his seat, and, having overturned a double bass, which stood in his way, he seized a kettledrum, which he threw with such violence at the leader of the band that he lost his full bottomed wig in the effort.

Without waiting to replace it he advanced bareheaded to the front of the orchestra, breathing vengeance, but so much choked with passion that utterance was denied him. In this ridiculous attitude he stood staring and stamping for some moments, amid a convulsion of laughter, nor could he be prevailed upon to resume his seat until the prince went in person and appeased his wrath.

THE PLANET MARS.

Its Orbit and Its Distance From the Sun and Earth.

While the astronomers are still debating and weighing the problem of Mars and its inhabitants a few words about the distance of the planet from the sun and earth may be of interest.

The average distance of Mars from the sun is 141,500,000 miles. The distance from earth to sun is 93,000,000 miles. When sun, earth and Mars are in line, with the sun and Mars on opposite sides of the earth, Mars is said to be in "opposition," and it is then closest to the earth. If earth and Mars both moved in circles about the sun the distance from earth to Mars at opposition would be forty-eight and a half ($48\frac{1}{2}$—93) million miles. But neither of the orbits is circular, that of Mars being much more elliptical than that of the earth, with the result that at opposition Mars may be as far away as 61,000,000 miles from the earth when there is an unfavorable opposition, or Mars may come as close as 35,000,000 miles away when it is as near as it can possibly come to the earth, and its opposition is then the most favorable possible. At such times Mars is brightest in the sky and appears of greatest size.—New York World.

Biggest of Cannibal Banquets.

Probably the biggest cannibal orgy on record is one of which Miss Beatrice Grimshaw tells in her book "The New New Guinea." "In 1878 a shipload of Chinamen was being taken down to Australia. The vessel was wrecked upon a reef close to Rossel Island (New Guinea). The officers escaped in boats, but were never afterward heard of. As for the Chinamen, numbering 326, the natives captured them and put them on a small barren island, where they had no food and no means of getting away. They kept their prisoners supplied with food from the mainland and every now and then carried away a few of them to eat until all but one old man had been devoured. This one succeeded eventually in getting away and told something of the story, which seems to have met with general disbelief. True it is, however, on the evidence of the sons of those who did the deed."

Knew What He Was Doing.

The stalwart policeman who guards the traffic at Euclid and a cross street rescued a well dressed old gentleman from beneath the very wheels of an automobile.

"Officer," said the rescued man, "are you married?"

"No, sir," answered the policeman.

"Ah, well, you will hear from me in a day or two nevertheless."

After he had gone a friend of the officer asked: "Tom, why did you tell the old guy that you wasn't married? You've got a wife an' kid at home, and I know it."

"Sure I have. But if I'd told him so he'd have sent me a ham or a basket of grapes. As it is he'll probably come through with a little purse. I ain't no fool!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sense of Direction in Bees.

The directive sense possessed by bees is the object of research made by M. Gaston Bonnier of Paris, and he seems to have proved that bees possess a special sense like carrier pigeons. Experiments showed that bees can fly two miles to their hives even when deprived of the organs of sight and smell. Many scientists and among others Dadent have always declared that bees are guided by the sense of smell and that they can smell flowers at one and a half miles. Bonnier's experiments proved that bees detect odors at only short distances.

No Props.

A noted sociologist tells the following story of a woman in a manufacturing town. Approaching her for statistics, he asked, "Madam, have you any children?"

"No," she replied, "I have to work in the factory myself."—Life.

Indigestion For Two.

Ella—They are very much in love with each other. Stella—Very. She doesn't even want him to have indigestion unless she can share it.—New York Press.

The American

He Entered London Society, as He Had Made a Fortune

By BEATRICE GARDINER

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"Mother," said Gladys Poindexter, daughter of Sir John and Lady Poindexter, "this effort to 'keep up' is wearing me out. The estate has so dwindled that we should be living on £500 a year and we are spending £1,000."

"But, my dear, if we retrench we shall lose a social position that has been the family right for 300 years."

At that moment Lord Toppington's card came up.

Lord Toppington was a typical London swell. As he entered, seeing Gladys, he frowned. Her mother saw his displeasure at her daughter's presence and made an excuse to send her from the room. Lord Toppington seated himself and said:

"Lady Poindexter, I come in the interest of a young American who has recently arrived in London with a desire to enter the social circle. He has applied to me to secure an entrance for him, and I have consented to do what I can in the matter. He gives a dinner on Wednesday evening next under my management. I have put the names of yourself, Sir John and your daughter on the list of guests. I trust you will accept."

"The Poindexters have never known any Americans," said my lady, with reserve.

"And I would not suggest your doing so now," replied his lordship, "except—he lowered his voice—this fellow Springer is enormously rich."

"You mean that he will buy shares in Sir John's?"

"I have tried him on that, and he would not bite. He says he prefers to put out the cash." Sinking to a whisper: "He has deposited a sum to my credit with my bankers, which I am to place where I like. I have £200 put down against your name on the list."

Lady Poindexter's expression changed. She looked down upon the carpet meditatively.

"Can you assure me that this will not be known?"

"I can."

"Not for fifty times the amount would I consent to Gladys hearing of it. She has great family pride and would scorn such a transaction."

Lord Toppington took a bit of paper from his pocketbook and, rising, offered his hand to Lady Poindexter. The paper was in his palm, and when he left it was in hers. It was a check for £200.

George Springer was a very singular young man. He had a genius for finance that few men even understand. When he began his career ten years before his appearance in London he startled old financial heads by the apparent recklessness of his plunges, and they predicted a brief career for him, the end being his burial under an enormous debt. Instead he emerged with millions to his credit. Being still a bachelor, he concluded to see the world, not on the outside, but on the inside. With a keen insight into human nature he knew that there are but few things in the world money will not buy. He had gone practically to work to gain an admission to British society, selecting Toppington, an impecunious nobleman of excellent lineage, whatever that means, and one of the best social engineers in London.

He advised with Toppington as to what lady he should reserve for himself to take into dinner, and Toppington told him that Gladys Poindexter would be as well worth cultivating as any one. Toppington also explained that Gladys was ignorant of the fact that her presence had been purchased and if she got an inkling of it the Poindexters from that moment must be counted out from their calculations.

Springer was especially attentive to this information. He had a keen appreciation of values and values of different kinds. Moreover, he appreciated the difference between moral and money values. He had no permanent use for these people whom he had bought and was interested in meeting one whom he could not buy. He was a bright fellow and a good conversationalist. He devoted his exclusive attention to Gladys Poindexter, refraining from being diverted from her at any time by others. There are three stages of refinement—viz, not enough, sufficiency and too much. Springer belonged to the middle of these three classes. He had not become effeminate. Indeed, he was a fine specimen of physical and intellectual vigor not yet undermined by possession of abnormal wealth. Such a man was likely to be agreeable to such a girl as Gladys Poindexter.

The American succeeded in making as quick an introduction into London society as he had into the coterie of multimillionaires. He was more often met in the Poindexters' company than others, and his attentions to Miss Gladys were noticed. But one day there came a terrible break in this intimacy. Gladys was relied upon by her father and mother to guide the family down the dangerous current of family finance, and many a rock she avoided by her management. One day when she was trying to make the balance in her check book and pass book agree she came upon an item of £200 to the family credit that she could not account for. Her mother should have provided some means of concealing Toppington's check, but had failed to do so. Gladys demanded to know what the check was for. There was a family jar, at the end of which Lady Poindexter confessed that the money had come indirectly from the American.

Had Gladys been indifferent to Springer the discovery would have been extremely painful, but since she had been, to say the least, much pleased with him the incident plunged her into the depths of mortification. Filial consideration prevented her venting her feelings upon her poor old parents. Toppington was beneath her contempt. Springer was the only one fit to be made to feel her indignation. The next time she met him socially—at a ball given by the Marchioness of Bladesby—she turned her back upon him. He at once divined the cause.

For the first time since his arrival in London Springer felt that he had encountered something that his millions were powerless to smooth away. Here was a girl striving to maintain for her family—contrary to her own judgment—the social standing they had always enjoyed, maintaining for herself rather the substance than the shadow of that position, for whose acquaintance, unbeknown to her, he had paid out money from his newly acquired millions. It was doubtful to which of the two the situation was more painful, the American or the English girl. His having purchased an entre from the others gave him no qualms of conscience or self contempt; his purchase from Gladys Poindexter he regarded a brutal use of his money.

He did not know how to go about making reparation. He had no right to enter her house and had not had any such right from the first, since had she known the terms on which the acquaintance had been made she would not have consented to them. To write an excuse would be only to add to the insult he had offered. It seemed to him that he could do nothing but grin and bear the position he occupied toward her.

Toppington, who was very adroit, very tactful, felt it to his interest to smooth the matter over. The Poindexters were among those whom he considered his stock in trade, and any break between him and them would be to his injury. After giving Gladys time to cool he went to her and exonerated Springer from all blame, assuring her that he had known nothing of those who were to be approached with a view to buying his way into society. She averred that no man with the instincts of a gentleman would buy his way into any society.

However, the more she thought of the matter the more she blamed every one connected with it more than she blamed the fountainhead. Indeed, she came to feel a secret admiration for this man who had so profound a contempt for the effete social distinctions of the old world that he set about its purchase in the same way he would buy a country place. She had always heard American and Americans decried, but the incident had brought out, as she had never felt it before, the practical status of America in contrast with the decay of social grandeur in Europe. The result of all this was that she wrote Springer a note apologizing for cutting him, confining herself to the apology, ignoring any blame or excuse for his own part in the matter of buying his way into society.

This gave him an opportunity which he was not slow to improve. With his usual direct action he invited her to a farewell dinner he was to give before leaving London, mentioning that, though a valuable "favor" would appear on every plate, in her case the gift would be worth not over a few shillings. Gladys debated for some time whether to accept or decline the invitation. Her own parents had been bought. On their account would it not be better to ignore openly a matter which she would bury down in her own heart. She wrote an acceptance.

At the dinner where the guests opened packages containing their favors they were found to be very costly. Gladys Poindexter found upon her plate a sealed envelope which contained, judging from its want of pliability, cardboard. Her host admonished her to refrain from opening it before her return home, and she heeded the admonition. A natural curiosity induced her as soon as she had retired to her room to open her favor. She found only a photograph of the host of the evening.

There seemed to be no special aptitude to the gift. The girl was surprised, for she had expected that Springer would by it make some delicate reparation for having paid money for his acquaintance. His photograph meant nothing. Indeed, since cordiality had not been re-established between them, there was a positive indelicacy in the gift.

Then suddenly an idea struck the recipient that brought a color to her cheek. Could he mean by what he had given her to imply that it was himself that was offered?

It was late that night before she slept, and a long day followed, for she surmised that if she had interpreted his favor aright he would be with her before another day had passed to confirm her view. It was 9 o'clock in the evening when a flunkey threw open the drawing room door and announced in a loud voice:

"Mr. Springer!"

Mrs. George Springer nee Poindexter lives with her husband in America most of the time. Neither of them cares for society, and all attempts to keep them in touch with the British hereditary aristocracy or the American moneyed circles have proved failures. They live much by themselves.

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JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

For Fresh Candies Nuts and Fruit Go To Brasted's

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 21, 1911.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Read Anderson & Carlson's advertisement in this issue.

—Attend the Charity Ball at the Smethport Lyceum, Wednesday, Jan. 3, 1912.

—The Christmas rush is on when you read this Monbeimer is prepared for it. Read his advertisement.

—Make a Merry Christmas for some person or family who is too poor to make it for themselves.

—Daly & Garlick have installed two new show cases this week which add to the beauty of their already handsome store.

—Dr. Burg Chadwick, who received an injury to his foot about the first of December, is still having trouble with that member and is quite lame.

—A new anti-ceptic hot towel urn and razor bath has been recently installed in Heath's barber shop. This is now one of the most up to date shops in this section.

—On December 4, Walter Tyler, Socialist, was sworn in as mayor of New Castle, Pa. Mr. Tyler has the distinction of being the first Socialist mayor elected in Pennsylvania.

—Mr. Kid McCoy, the celebrated fistic artist, whose real name is Norman Selby, has committed matrimony again. His victim this time is Mrs. Valentine Hein, she being known as Number Eight on his list.

—Next Sunday at the Baptist church there will be held Christmas exercises. Morning subject, "Definite Consecration." At the evening service will be held the Sunday school exercises. Music, recitations and an address by the pastor, Rev. J. Booth.

—Men who have amassed wealth in the palmy days of lumbering on the Susquehanna of late have been dying off rapidly, the list of the past few weeks including Timothy S. Clark, S. N. Williams, Seth T. Foresman and State Senator J. Henry Cochran; all of Williamsport.

—Edward J. Renan, aged 53 years, died at the Bradford hospital last Friday morning. He has been a resident of Bradford for the past 30 years and was well known in band and orchestra circles. Years ago he visited Smethport quite often in his musical capacity and many friends here will regret his demise.

—The subject for next Sunday morning at the Methodist Episcopal church will be "Good Will." The evening subject will be, "The Story of the Birth of Christ." Special Christmas music. Friday evening there will be the Christmas Tree and supper for the Sunday school, at the chapel. On Monday evening, Dec. 25, a Christmas Cantata will be given at the church.

—Four men were killed and five injured on a runaway train on the Delaware & Hudson, which crashed into a shanty of a machine shop at Carbondale, Pa., Wednesday of last week. Two men were killed in the toll shanty and the others in the machine shop. Fire quickly added to the horror and caused a loss of $200,000. It is feared two bodies may have been consumed.

—J. B. Hockenberry, a rural delivery carrier, had a remarkable escape at Grove City while driving over the B. & L. E. crossing Wednesday. His buggy was struck by a train, the vehicle smashed to splinters, the horse killed and he was thrown to the side of the road. A sprained wrist and some minor cuts and bruises were his only injuries. Hockenberry has only one hand.

—According to our custom we will not issue The Miner next week. For fifty-one weeks in the year our force is pretty busy and we feel it our duty to give the boys a slight respite on the fifty-second week. On January 4, 1912, we will start again and try to give our readers a more interesting and entertaining paper than ever before. We wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

—The new school code provides that teachers should get $3 a day above their regular salaries for each day they attend institute. The teachers of Scranton have hit upon the novel idea of applying this money to the pension fund. In one year's time they figure that they would have $5,000, and in five years $25,000 in this excellent fund. The same scheme is being considered in Wilkesbarre.—Clinton Republican.

—Bradley Atler, night porter at the St. James Hotel, Bradford, was arrested last Friday charged with the larceny of a quantity of general merchandise valued at about $10, the property of G. B. Wrench, a guest, who represents the firm of G. B. Williams & Co., of Syracuse, N. Y. The arrest was made by County Detective Jones and Chief of Police Mooney. Later the young man was arraigned before Alderman Filkins and bound over for court in default of $500 bail. He is now in the county jail.

—James Weld, of Miller street, this city, met with a serious accident at Bingham, about 4 o'clock Sunday morning. He was employed at the plant where gasoline is manufactured from gas, and his left arm became caught in the machinery and was crushed between the wrist and elbow, says the Era. The injured young man was brought to Bradford on the 5 o'clock B., R. & P. train and taken to the hospital in Still's ambulance. Drs. Benninghoff and Hogan hope to save the injured arm and hand.

—New York philanthropists are delighted with Uncle Sam's newest stamp which is designed for use solely on registered mail. The stamps were placed on sale in New York this week and will be available all over the country in a short time. The stamp is rectangle in shape, and light blue in color. The design depicts an eagle with extended wings perched upon a rock. The price is ten cents each.

—The Davault Entertainment Company at the Lyceum Monday evening, under the auspices of the Smethport Fire Department, drew a good house and everyone in attendance was well pleased with the performance given by this excellent company. Miss Davault, who made a hit here last year as a reader, is manager of this company, and she more than pleased her hearers on this occasion. Mr. Hosford Plowe is a pleasing baritone and rendered some pleasing ... current ... and her solos made a decided hit. Master Joseph Gill, the boy violinist, captivated the audience with his high-class solos.

SAVAGE FISH.

Perai Have Been Known to Tear an Alligator to Pieces.

The most savage and bloodthirsty fish in all the waters of the earth are the perai, declares Charles Livingston Bull in "Under the Roof of the Jungle." They are from twelve to fourteen inches in length and look not unlike the northern bass, although more powerfully built. They have been known to attack an alligator, discover a rent in the skin of the great reptile and tear and devour him until nothing but his bones and rough skin was left.

The perai are silvery green in color. Their thick, muscular jaws are armed with rows of teeth like those of a crescent saw, sharp and triangular and fitting exactly together. These jaws and teeth are most formidable, being able to cut to pieces anything less hard than the shell of a tortoise. The lower lobe of the tail is longer than the upper one and all the fins short, giving the impression, as do the thick, rounded body and head, of great strength.

It is fortunate that in all the length and breadth of northern South America these rapacious little murderers are found only in widely scattered localities. Thus one pool will harbor a great school of them, while for miles in either direction up or down the same stream there may not be another individual.

Were it not for this peculiar localization the jungles would be nearly stripped of animal life, for beasts and birds and reptiles must drink, and, while those of a few species can get all the water they need from the dew on the leaves in the morning, by far the greater number must come to the streams and pools. Even creatures like that master fisherman, the otter, must give the perai a wide berth, and no other fish can inhabit the same waters.

They have been known to leap a foot out of water and bite a piece out of a man's head as he was stooping to dip up a drink.

EARL LYTTON'S BAD TASTE.

A Dinner Speech That Called Forth Howls of Derision.

I once sat at a banquet given in London by Wilson Barrett to Lawrence Barrett, says a writer in an English magazine. Earl Lytton presided, a curled, oiled, effeminate, supercilious fop. He had a Roman tragedy to sell to Wilson Barrett. That was why he came.

He eulogized Wilson Barrett in a speech. "I believe," he said, "that Mr. Barrett won some success with a piece called (consulting his notes) 'The Lights of London.' I suppose it was the work of some dramatic hack." George Sims sat facing him and never said a word.

Then his lordship went drawling on: "I next find on the list of Mr. Barrett's successes something called 'The Silver King.' Here again I know nothing of the authorship. The names of those dramatic carpenters do not interest me." At which Henry Arthur Jones glared and a flush came into the face of poor blind Henry Herman.

"Finally," said Lord Lytton, "Mr. Wilson Barrett has placed on his boards what he humorously calls a Roman tragedy. I refer to 'Claudian,' attributed to one W. G. Wills, of whom I have never heard." This was too much for the banqueters. All of them were personally acquainted with Irving's pet poet, the modest Wills. So they howled derisively.

And Earl Lytton's tragedy, produced a month later, was a dismal failure.

About Your Initials.

What do your initials spell? Some people have had queer experiences. Names like Arthur S. Sullivan are unfortunate. George (Henry) Augustus Sala preferred to make himself, like George Adam Smith, into GAS. Gilbert A'Becket, of course, was just GAB. Whistler for awhile dropped his McNeill, fearing the possible ridicule of JAM Whistler. Henry Rider Haggard becomes very dignified as H. R. H.; (Henry) Austin Dobson refuses to be HAD, removing his first name, and Mme. de Novikoff, though no longer Olga Kireff, has become "O.K." forever.—London Chronicle.

Cables of Human Hair.

In north Japan is an enormous heathen temple, the timbers of which were hauled from the mountains and put in place with ropes made from the hair of the women of the province. From these tresses, which were brought forth by an edict, two ropes were made, one seventeen inches in circumference and 1,400 feet in length, while the other was eleven inches in circumference and 2,000 feet long.

Tactful.

"Johanna, please go to the pawnbroker's and pawn my gold watch. The poor man, I understand, is not getting much business, and I think we should help him along."—Fliegende Blatter.

Still Worse.

"Mrs. Fastleigh has given up cigarettes."

"Did the smoke make her ill?"

"No. The smoke made her dog ill."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

POVERTY OF CHINA

Misery of the Millions That Are Always Hungry.

GRIM STRUGGLES FOR FOOD.

Horses, Donkeys, Mules and Camels When No Longer Fit For Work Are Turned Into Butcher's Meat—The Gleaners on the Sugar Wharfs.

Writing of the millions and millions of inland China, whose lives are spent face to face with starvation, Edward Alsworth Ross in the Century says:

"No natural resource is too trifling to be turned to account by the teeming population. The sea is raked and strained for edible plunder. Seaweed and kelp have a place in the larder. Great quantities of shellfish no bigger than one's finger nail are opened and made to yield a food that finds its way far inland. The fungus that springs up in the grass after a rain is eaten. Fried sweet potato vines furnish the poor man's table. The roadside ditches are bailed out for the sake of fishes no longer than one's finger. Great panniers of strawberries, half of them still green, are collected in the mountain ravines and offered in the markets. No weed or stalk escapes the bamboo rake of the autumnal fuel gatherer. The grass tufts on the rough slopes are dug up by the roots. The sickle reaps the grain close to the ground, for straw and chaff are needed to burn under the rice kettle. The leaves of the trees are a crop to be carefully gathered. One never sees a rotting stump or a mossy log. Bundles of brush carried miles on the human back heat the brick kiln and the potter's furnace. After the last trees have been taken the far and forbidding heights are scaled by lads with ax and mattock to cut down or dig up the seedlings that if left alone would reclothe the devastated ridges.

"The cuisine of China is one of the great toothsome cuisines of the world, but for the common people the stomach and not the palate decides what shall be food. The silkworms are eaten after the cocoon has been unwound from them. After their work is done horses, donkeys, mules and camels become butcher's meat. The cow or pig that has died a natural death is not disdained. In Canton dressed rats and cats are exposed for sale. Scenting a possible opening for a tannery, the governor of Hongkong once set on foot an inquiry as to what became of the skins of the innumerable pigs slaughtered in the colony. He learned that they were all made up as 'marine delicacy' and sold among the Chinese.

"Another time he was on the point of ordering the extermination of the mangy curs that infest the villages in the Kowloon district because they harassed the Sikh policemen in the performance of their duties. He found just in time that such an act would interfere with the food of the people, something a British colonial governor must never do.

"Though the farmer thriftily combs his harvest field, every foot of the short stubble is gone over again by poor women and children, who are content if in a day's gleaning they can gather a handful of wheat heads to keep them alive on the morrow. On the Hongkong water front the path of the coolies carrying produce between warehouse and junk is lined with tattered women, most of them with a baby on the back. Where bags of beans or rice are in transit a dozen wait with basket and brush to sweep up the grains dropped from the sacks. On a wharf where crude sugar is being repacked squat sixty women scraping the inside of the discarded sacks, while others run by the bearer, if his sack leaks a little, to catch the particles as they fall. When sugar is being unloaded a mob of gleaners swarm upon the lighter the moment the last sack leaves and eagerly scrape from the gangplank and the deck the sugar mixed with dirt that for two hours has been trampled into a muck by the bare feet of twoscore coolies trotting back and forth across a dusty road.

"There are a number of miscellaneous facts that hint how close the masses live to the edge of subsistence. The brass cash, the most popular coin in China, is worth the twentieth of a cent; but, as this has been found too valuable to meet all the needs of the people, oblong bits of bamboo circulate in some provinces at the value of half a cash.

"Incredibly small are the portions prepared for sale by the huckster. Two cubic inches of bean curd, four walnuts, five peanuts, fifteen roasted beans, twenty melon seeds, make a portion. The melon vender's stand is decked out with wedges of insipid melon the size of two fingers. The householder leaves the butcher's stall with a morsel of pork, the pluck of a fowl and a strip of fish as big as a sardine, tied together with a blade of grass. Careful observers say that four-fifths of the conversation among common Chinese relates to food.

"Comfort is scarce as well as food. The city coolie sleeps on a plank in an airless kennel in a filthy lane with a block for a pillow and a quilt for a cover. When in a south China hospital the beds were provided with springs and mattresses, supplied by a philanthropic American, all the patients were found next morning sleeping on the floor. After being used to a board covered with a mat they could not get their proper slumber on a soft bed."

GHOSTLY BUTTERFLIES.

A Species in British Guiana Whose Wings Are Transparent.

In "Our Search For a Wilderness" Mr. William Beebe of the New York zoological park describes his first sight of the transparent butterfly—Hostera plera—of British Guiana, an insect through whose outstretched wings any substance on which it rests can be clearly seen.

As we crossed a swirling creek on the trunk of a mighty fallen tree something fluttered ahead. We could not see what it was. Closer we came, and still the object remained indistinct. We seemed to see a butterfly, and yet that appeared impossible. At last we marked it down on a fern frond and crept up until our eyes were within two feet of it. Nothing was visible but the graceful lacework of the frond until a slanting beam of sunlight struck it, and there, close before us, was the ghost of a butterfly.

It spread fully three inches, but was wholly transparent, save for three tiny spots of azure near the margin of each hind wing.

As we looked it drifted to a double headed flower of scarlet, and when it alighted the scarlet of the flower and the green of the leaf were as distinct as if seen through thin mica, and the faint gray haze of the insect's wings was marked only by the indistinct venation.

The appearance of this ghostly butterfly amid the silence and awe inspiring stillness of the reeking jungle was most impressive.

BIG BELLS.

Canton Has One Eighteen Feet High and Forty-five Feet in Circumference.

Some of the old world bells are heavy indeed. "Great Paul" of St. Paul's cathedral, in London, weighs nearly seventeen tons and is nearly thirty feet around. The first "Big Ben" of Westminster was cast more than fifty years ago and weighed about fourteen tons and was about twenty-eight feet around. But "Big Ben" had a crack and was made over, losing some weight, and the clapper was made smaller, being now 600 pounds instead of about a ton. "Peter of York" cost $10,000, weight twelve and one-half tons; twenty-two feet in diameter or thereabouts.

The largest hanging bell in the world is said to be that in the great Buddhist monastery near Canton. It is eighteen feet in height and forty-five feet in circumference, being cast of solid bronze. This is one of eight monster bells that were cast by command of the Emperor Yung Lo about A. D. 1400. It is said to have cost the lives of eight men, who were killed in the process of casting. The whole bell on both sides is covered with an inscription in embossed Chinese characters about half an inch in length, covering even the top piece from which it swings, the total number being 84,000. These characters tell a single story, one of the Chinese classics.

Trees in Oranges.

The Mundus, a weekly published in Rome in five languages, states that one of the methods adopted by the Japanese to produce their curious dwarf trees is as follows: The pulp of an orange is removed through a small hole and the skin filled with a mixture of wool, charcoal and rich earth, with one seed toward the opening in the skin. The orange is put in a glass and watered by the hole, and every now and then a little wood ash is added. The plant shoots through the opening, and the roots pierce the skin. As soon as they do so they are cut off. After two or three years of this treatment the plant will be only a few inches high, but will have the aspect of an old forest tree.

An Old Friend.

A private soldier once rendered some slight service to the first Napoleon.

"Thank you, captain," said the emperor carelessly.

"In what regiment, sire?" was the instant response of the quick witted private.

"In my guards," replied the emperor, pleased with the man's ready retort.

This incident, with appropriate variations, also happened to Genghis Khan, Ivan the Terrible, Attila, Gustavus Adolphus, Louis XIV., Charlemagne, Alexander, King Alfred, Xerxes, Richard the Lion Hearted and Henry of Navarre.—Success Magazine.

Wedding Rings.

According to the ancient ritual, the husband began by placing the wedding ring upon the bride's thumb and putting it successively on the next two fingers, pronouncing for each one a person of the trinity, with a final "Amen," as the fourth finger was reached, where the ring remained.—New York American.

What He Took.

"Judge," said the guilty man, "I inherit this felonious habit. I can't resist it. My father was a grafter and my mother a photographer. I can't help taking things."

"Then take seven years at hard labor," said the judge kindly.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Crowns.

Mr. Wibblee—What fine dark hair you have, Miss Knox! My wife, who is younger than you are, has her hair quite gray. Miss Knox—Yes, and if I'd been your wife no doubt my hair would have been gray too.—Boston Transcript.

Envy always implies conscious inferiority wherever it resides.—Pliny

A Missing Leaf.

That ordinary care which is taken by the Japanese in their very exact "flower arrangements" is illustrated by an incident related by Frederic A. Isham, the author. He was present at a demonstration in Kyoto of the art of placing flowers, leaves and branches together in an artistic manner. At one point a little maid apparently offended the "master" deeply. He spoke to her and ended by ordering her to retire. She did so, probably the most broken hearted girl in Kyoto, and the master proceeded to alter her work. The American, who had seen nothing wrong, ventured to ask what was the matter, whereupon he was informed that she had placed twelve leaves in a certain combination instead of thirteen. Twelve, it seems, was the right number 200 years ago, but thought, study, meditation and prayer had led to the discovery that not twelve, but thirteen, was the correct number for the artistic effect of that particular arrangement. This may seem a trifling alteration, but it suggests Michelangelo's retort, in which he pointed out the relation between trifles and perfection.

When China Was Good.

During the reigns of Yao and Chun in 2200 B. C. virtue pervaded China and crime was unknown, while prosperity abounded.

He who is most slow in making a promise is the most faithful in its performance.—Rousseau.

WAVERLY

Waverly—the best petroleum products made—all made from high grade Pennsylvania Crude Oil.

Gasolines, illuminating oils, lubricating oils and paraffine wax for all purposes.

100 Page Booklet Free—tells all about oil.

Waverly Oil Works Co.

Independent Refiners

PITTSBURG, PA.

OIL

Grange National Bank

Smethport - - - - Pa.

Assets..... $565,150.00

We solicit your account.

IF ITS NEW and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer

Smethport, Pa.

Just Received

A new stock of goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block, opposite Fry & Comes. I am prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging. Millinery and 5- and 10-cent counter. Give me a call.

May Chadwick,

Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $2.50 each.

Address all communications to HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 21, 1911.

James K. Hackett, the actor, married Miss Beatrice Mary Beckley of London, England, in Milwaukee, late Sunday. Miss Beckley is said to be about 24 years of age.

Lillian Graham and Ethel Conrad were acquitted last Friday evening in New York of the charge of attempting to kill W. E. D. Stokes, the millionaire hotel man. The jury was out an hour.

John Bigelow, "America's Grand Old Man," formerly minister to France, died in New York at his home in Gramercy Park, at 8 o'clock Tuesday morning of a kidney affliction. Mr. Bigelow celebrated his 93rd birthday anniversary on November 25th. He expected and hoped to live out a full century. John Bigelow, author, statesman, journalist, lawyer, diplomat, was born of one of the oldest of New England families in Malden, N. Y., on November 25, 1817. Every year of his life (almost a century) was filled with action. When asked at one time what he considered his favorite word, he replied "work." Few men have accomplished as much as did John Bigelow, whose name will live in history as one of the grand old men of the period.

In his annual report to the President, Secretary of War Stimson declared that the contingency of war with a first-class power would find the United States practically unprepared. He attributed this largely to the fact that the army was "scattered out over the country" in too many posts, and to a lack of reserves. The army on the peace footing habitually maintained, with miniature companies and troops, he characterized as ineffective for any serious war service.

As to the unpreparedness of the army in artillery and ammunition Secretary Stimson says that "at the present rate of appropriation it is estimated that it would take more than fifty years to rescue a reasonable supply of field artillery guns, carriages and ammunition that would be necessary in the event of war."

The report makes the somewhat startling statement that at a conservative estimate the expense per effective rifleman in the United States army is between two and five times as much as any first-class power on the continent of Europe. This comparison is made after excluding from consideration the higher pay and better subsistence that American soldiers receive. This fact is stated as an illustration. Secretary Stimson declares, of the extravagance of the existing system of wide distribution of the army.

Ten big meat barons are on trial in Chicago for conducting one of the most systematic trusts in the world. If convicted these defendants may be punished with a fine of $5,000 each and a year's imprisonment. District Attorney Wilkerson after outlining the charges in the indictment and the import of the Sherman law, began a detailed history of the "pool" which was the medium of the modern beef trust. He told how Ira Nelson Morris, G. F. Swift, and the fathers of the present defendants met in the office of Alber and Henry Veeder every Tuesday afternoon and parceled out to the civilized world the beef it might eat and the price it must pay. He told of the uniform system of estimating the cost so that prices were not equal but ever was the margin of profit the same to each of the groups of the pool, how secret codes and signs were used to transmit the dicta of the pool and how each member who broke the agreements was fined 40 cents a hundred on all the meat so sold. He drew an amazing picture of the austere old attorney, Henry Veeder, who sits with his brother, Albert H., at the defendants' table, sitting in judgment over the great millionaires whose combination he manipulated, fining Armour a few thousand here to pay Swift for alleged wrongs but ever keeping the production and price to suit his clients.

PRUNING DORMANT TREES.

State Zoologist, H. A. Surface, receives many requests for information concerning pruning, and gives the following advice:

Trees can be pruned at any time of the year, but severe pruning should be done when the trees are dormant. A rule that can be taken as fundamental is to prune when the trees are in leaf to check further growth, and prune when they are leafless to promote more growth.

In pruning, all dead and decaying limbs should be cut away, and those limbs which are interfering or overlapping and intertwining should be cut out. Those which are diseased with canker knots, black knot and similar pests should be cut out and promptly burned; while those which have died by blight should especially be gathered and burned. It is not necessary to gather and burn branches which are infested with San Jose scale or other scale insects, as these pests will die soon after the limbs are cut off, and will not spread to the trees from fallen limbs.

The operator should not hesitate to cut out the tops of tall trees and bring them down. The pruning should be directed toward opening the center of the tree top. Trees should be pruned now to make them low-headed and spreading. Central upright stems that seem to rise like the trunk of a pine tree should be cut out of fruit trees, to get them as low as possible.

When it comes to a choice between low branches and higher branches, the lower ones should be saved. The short twigs or fruit spurs on the branches, and many of the water sprouts should be saved to bear fruit instead of cleaning them all off, and thus adding the tree of much of its fruit-bearing area.

Persons interested in pruning should attend the demonstrations being given in all of the counties of Pennsylvania by the demonstrators of the Division of Zoology, of the Department of Agriculture. There the work is done correctly. The demonstrators show how to prune the limbs without splitting them, and how to paint the stubs to prevent decay which would result in holes in the trees.

DESTROY REMNANTS OF GARDEN PLANTS NOW.

Prof. H. A. Surface, State Zoologist, Harrisburg, calls attention to the importance of promptly destroying the remnants of garden plants and truck crops at this time of year, rather than leaving them in the gardens or fields until spring. If destroyed now, many of their pests are destroyed with them; if allowed to remain until spring, many of these pests have opportunity to escape.

The vines of potatoes, cucumbers, squash, melons, etc., should be raked together and thrown on dry straw or brush and burned. This gets rid of both the insects and fungous diseases lurking therein. The old asparagus plants should be cut off and burned, and straw spread over the asparagus bed and burned thereon at once, to get rid of the asparagus beetles, and then the soil containing the asparagus roots can be well mulched with a cover or litter of any kind to protect them during the winter.

It is especially important that the stalks of cabbage plants and the imperfect heads should be removed and fed to swine or cattle, or kept in storage in a cold place to feed to poultry during the winter. Even the old stalks from which the heads have been cut should be removed from the soil and treated as directed above, or burned. Several kinds of pests are liable to be found upon these old stubs or the leaves clinging thereto. The best way to destroy them is to feed them to livestock or burn them.

FARMERS VALLEY ITEMS.

Cards have been received from [illegible] A. R. [illegible] Farmers Valley the latter part of November to spend Thanksgiving with his father, A. B. [illegible] members of the family in Arkansas, stating that he would [illegible] and expected to arrive Wednesday. His family and friends will welcome him home and hope he will enjoy a happy Christmas at his home.

Worthy Master Patterson attended the State Grange at Scranton last week, accompanied by others from Smethport and Coryville, and reports a profitable and enjoyable time.

The Laieds' Aid fair held in Digel & Mosier's hall, Dec. 15, in spite of the bad conditions of the roads was well attended. The proceeds were upwards of $40, and the supper given at the Farmers' institute the week previous netted them a profit of $9.50.

The United Brethren quarterly meeting held at Coryville closed last Friday night. The closing sermon given by D. D. White was on the immortality of the Soul, and was well and ably illustrated.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending December 16th, 1911:

Secty, Aid Society,
Smith, Mrs. John.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

Horses for Sale.

Nine horses from 850 to 1200 pounds each. Also work Harness, and single and double driving Harness. Time will be given to responsible parties.

A. T. PALMER, No. 201 Water St., Smethport, Pa.

Dec. 7, 1911-2t

SANTA CLAUS

Has Opened Headquarters at WELL'S DRUG STORE

As has been the custom for upwards of Twenty Years Santa Claus has again opened headquarters at this store for the benefit of old and young who appreciate good gifts at Christmas time. The Jolly old fellow has completely filled the store from top to bottom, with the best to be found in his unexhaustable pack. It is not often that Santa Clause dicides to leave such a large and complete line of his goods in one store but he knows that we have always delivered the goods and that is what he wants.

Toilet Articles and Hand Bags

Are much in favor with the ladies this year and the line on display excells anything in this section.

Gifts for Men

Are as a rule hard to select, but you will have no trouble after visiting this store. The display is exceptionally large and attractive.

Dolls, Big and Little

It is well worth your while to see our display. We have hundreds of them-Bisque dolls that open and close their eyes and do almost everything but talk; unbreakable dolls, that are the pride of the really little ones, and all the other dolls.

Toys and Games

Here is where we really do shine above all competitors. Never was there anything like them in town. Everything you can think of and a lots you never heard of. Don't fail to see this line.

Pictures and Frames

This line is unusually choice and well selected.

Tree Trimmings

All that you could want is these novelties.

Come Early

H. C. WELLS

The Old Stand. Smethport, Pa.

SHOES! SHOES!

What could be nicer than a Pair of shoes for an Xmas Present?

This is the place to buy your shoes. We Carry the Finest line of Ladies' and Children's Shoes. Mens' and Boys Shoes in gun metal and patent leather. A big line of working shoes.

Anderson & Carlson,

THE SHOE MEN

Smethport, Penna.

DOLLS

DOLLS!

Crying Dolls
Talking Dolls
Every kind of Dolls

—AT—

The Pivett Store

Look at our Sweet Grass Basket

A FEW SUGGESTION FOR CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS

Ladies take Notice:

Neckties in Xmas Boxes
Mens Garters in Combination Sets
Silk Sox
Initial Handkerchiefs
Bath Rob s
Suit Cases
Overcoats
Suits
Hats
Shirts
Everything to wear for the men and boys

H. W. Rubin,

THE RELIABLE CLOTHIER

HULL UMBRELLAS
DETACHABLE HANDLES

Come in and

Look over our fine line of Gold Handle Umbrellas from $3 up to $15.00. Also a complete line of Jewelry and cut glass.

Engstrom & Olson

An Ad. in The Miner Means More Business

THE HOME OF Quality Groceries

WHAT PLACE Can be more TANTALIZING TO THE KIDS

have the pantry with locked doors. ESPECIALLY

When they know it is filled With Good Things From Our Store! Be patient, until meal time Kids!

TRY THESE, They'll Please!

GEO. WASHINGTON [illegible]

Made in the cup

Do not contain chicory or any other substitute

ARTIS BROTHERS' PLUM PUDDING

Just the thing to complete that Christmas Dinner.

F. W. BROWNELL,

PHONE 7.

Play Pocket Base Ball

A brand New Game of Skill—exciting, fun-making and fascinating to young and old. Is indestructible and can be carried in the vest pocket.

HAS ALL the POINTS of REGULAR BASE BALL

You Can Make (Put Outs, Strike-Outs, Runs, Base Hits, Etc.) One or any number can play. One team may match another. Simple Instructions.

Become a Champion. We will arrange to have you or your team matched if you will issue a challenge. Anybody can play, but it takes skill to become expert.

MOTHERS, Here's the Chance to give the boys the very thing they want at a less price than you could possibly please them in any other way. Give each of the boys a POCKET BASE BALL GAME for Christmas presents—he can play it by himself, or any number that have these games may choose sides and play as teams.

Everybody that Likes Base Ball will be deligated with this fascinating game. It teaches the boys patience and determination and develops a steady hand and a quick eye.

BOYS, GET UP A WINTER GAME. You'll have more fun than you ever did before.

To Introduce this fascinating game we will for 25 cents and the names of your leading toy dealer and druggist send you a game with full instructions of play. SEND TO-DAY, this offer is for right now.

ESPE SALES COMPANY, - Nashville, Tennessee

McCALL PATTERNS

McCALL PATTERNS

The Lindholm Company

Only Fourteen More Shopping Days and Christmas will be Here.

We have nearly every shade of ribbon to finish that fancy bag and the many other things you use ribbon for at this time—Christmas ribbons of all shades.

POST CARDS—We have b. a fortunate purchase procured one cabinet of Christmas post cards, put up 12 in a package, not any two alike. For only, per pkt of 12, ... 10c

XMAS CARDS to tie on packages and seal, 10 in a pkt for ..... 5c and 10c per pkt.

HANKERCHIEFS—We have a large and complete line in ladies and gents from 5c up including the all linen 10c, 15c, 25c 50c and up to $1.00 each. Embroidered, Hemstitched, Plain and Initial ones.

CALENDARS—Put in nice cards. Just right to mail come at 5c, 10c, 15c, and 25c each.

CHRISTMAS FOLDERS—and letters from 5c to 25c each.

LINENS—A large assortment of towels from 5c to $1.00 each. Center pieces, lunch cloths, doilies, table linens, napkins, bureau scarfs, tray cloths, etc. Guest and regular size in Huck-a-back towels, stamped to cross stitch for 25c and 50c each.

GAMES -TOYS—DOLLS—BELLS—and wreaths. Small Christmas trees for Christmas decorations, and tree ornaments.

JEWELRY—A large complete assortment of gold filled guaranteed quality, including Ladies and Gents rings, bracelets, veil belt and beauty pins cuff Buttons and link buttons and many good things for gifts—look in our west window for display.

UMBRELLAS—Ladies and Gents, 7 rib dragon frame, tape edge, rain and sun proof, plain mission and fancy handles, ranging price 95c to $5 00 each.

Hosiery—fine quality in ladies and gents silk hosiery from 50c to $1 25.

KID GLOVES—Ladies gents and childrens. Just a word about our ladies gloves. They are one of the best makes in the country. Every pair guaranteed. We have them all sizes, and all desirable shades. Just call for the brand Capitol in two clasp $1 25, and you are sure of the best. If you are buying for a gift and they are not the right size, will cheerfully exchange for the right size.

BED and warm slippers for ladies and childrens. Slipper soles for all yarns.

EIDER DOWN YARN for Aviator Caps 18c.

AVIATOR CAPS—made of Eider down yarn, 25c, 50, 75c and $1.00.

BED BLANKETS—Comfortables, etc.

PILLOW CORDS—colored floss embroidered pillow tops and floss pillows.

Pretty flannelettes—Ladies and childrens dressing sacques, and kimonas.

Ladies flannel shirts. All linen tailored waists.

All wool, Steam shrunk and sanged flannel, for ladies shirts, 27 inches wide, per yard 50c.

French flannel finish for waists and etc. per yard 15c.

Messalin satin in splendid quality 36 inches wide. In many pretty shades, per yard $1.00.

Suit cases and bags.

Neckties silks and wool scarfs for ladies and men.

Underwear in union suits, cotton and wool. Single pieces in cotton and wool at live and let live prices.

SPECIAL—1 cabinet of wash ribbons, 5 yards on a bolt, per bolt 10c.

25 per cent off on all coats and millinery until Christmas. Come early and get your choice.

The Lindholm Co.

The Store of Quality and Low Price.

A Useful, Lasting, Guaranteed Gift.

A Dandy Present for any man—big or little.

SEE OUR ROBESON "SHUR-EDGE" CHRISTMAS WINDOW

A great variety to choose from. You will find a style for nearly every purpose.

DALY & GARLICK

HARDWARE AND PLUMBING

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 21, 1911.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Merry Christmas.

—A Happy New Year.

—Additional locals on eighth page.

—T. H. Purtle, proprietor of the Commercial House, is confined to the house with grip.

—Floyd Heath, who has been confined to the house for several days, is again attending to his duties.

—Mrs. Ralph E. Burdick entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on West Main street yesterday afternoon.

—There will be a masquerade ball at Howe's hall, at East Smethport, on Monday evening, Dec. 25. All are invited. Tickets, $1.00.

—It is rumored that the law firm of Mullin & Mullin of Bradford is contemplating closing its business in this county and moving to Oklahoma.

—After the unmanly action taken by Rev. Clarence V. T. Richeson of Boston, the question naturally arises will his millionaire fiancee stick to him?

—The Smethport schools close tomorrow for a week's vacation. On account of being closed for scarlet fever earlier in the term a two weeks' vacation is not taken this year.

—Sheriff-elect M. C. Bain came over from Bradford last Thursday and on Friday left for Pittsburgh in charge of Dominico Ciganno and Carmonia Aramia, the Bradford hold-up men who were sentenced to long terms in the penitentiary at criminal court last week.

—To-day another body was found in Austin. It is that of a female but up to the time of going to press had not been identified. The body was found near the corner where the Autograph office was located. Senator Baldwin's mother is still among the missing.—Potter Enterprise.

—Charles McVean, the Adams Express man, is laid up at his home with a sprained ankle. Last Saturday, while attending to his duties, he slipped with the above result. Scott McClure is delivering express while he is confined to the house. His many friends hope for his speedy recovery.

—The smallpox scare in Olean is very much overdrawn. There are 26 cases at this time, all of which are under strict quarantine and none of them are in the business part of the city. The reports that there was talk of placing the entire city under quarantine are absolutely without foundation.

—The Potter county grand jury has begun the examination of witnesses for the Commonwealth for criminal prosecution of Bayless. Michael C. Bailey, who had charge of the ill-fated dam at Austin, and F. N. Hamlin, superintendent of the mill, all of whom are charged with involuntary manslaughter.

—Austin has sure had it's share of disaster but there seems to be no end to it. A few nights ago fire broke out in the hose house, which was one of the new buildings erected since the flood, and before the flames were under control the building was reduced to ashes. Several hundred feet of hose was destroyed and now the town is practically without fire protection.

Van J. Daley left Sunday for Bradford, where he has accepted a position as linotype operator in the Era office. Mr. Daley has been a valued employe in the Breeze office for nearly four years. He intends to move to Bradford next spring. F. C. Maltby, of Olean, formerly of Coudersport, Pa., has succeeded Mr. Daley as foreman of the Breeze office.—Bolivar Breeze.

Dr. W. P. Burdick of Kane, was a caller at the Era office yesterday. Dr. Burdick is not only an excellent physician but is also a talented newspaper writer. His column of clever paragraphs, prose and verse, in the Kane Republican, has been attracting much favorable attention. If Dr. Burdick should take up journalism as a regular business he would certainly make a good showing in it, says this morning's Era.

—One of the reasons for the high cost of living may be found from the following, clipped from an exchange: A farmer in the Colorado apple district put a card containing his name and address in each of the boxes of apples he prepared for the market. On these cards he wrote: "When you find this card please write and tell me how much you paid for this box of apples." Many answered saying, $2.50, $2.75, $3.00. To each he replied: "Thanks for the information. I received 20 cents a box for this one."

To-day, Dec. 21, is supposed to be the shortest day of the year.

—Twenty-five damage suits, originating in Olean county, were filed in Coudersport on Tuesday against the Bayless Pulp & Paper company of Austin, as a corporation, and against President George C. Bayless, individually, to recover losses caused by the going out of the company's mill dam at Austin, September 30. The suits are brought by Attorney S. P. Cummings of Williamsport, Pa., and L. B. Seibert of Coudersport, for victims of the disaster.

—Judge Bouton was in the city Monday and heard a case which recently was brought to the attention of Humane Officer A. N. Heard. It was alleged that a nine-months-old child of Edward Peterson and wife, residents of Mt. Jewett, was very feeble as a result of being kept in a room unsuitable for its occupancy. The child was removed from its parents' custody and given over to the care of its grandfather, Andrew Peterson. Recently the parents moved to Kane and have better accomodations. After hearing the evidence Judge Bouton ordered the child returned to its parents and instructed the father to pay the grandfather $2 a week for the time the child was being cared for by the latter, the period being 24 weeks.—Bradford Era.

For Sale.

10 head Grade Cows and Heifers, from one to four years old. A quantity of hay and straw. 1 pair black horses, 4 and 5 years old. Some 3 mo. old pigs. 2 full blood Holstein bull calves. A. L. GALLUP.

Subscribe for The Miner.

Lane's 57 MAIN STREET

LANE'S SHOP

Diamonds

GOLD

Jewelry

57 Main Street,

Watches

Silverware

LANE'S SHOP

Bradford, Pa

LADIES

We are prepared for the last 3 days' rush, to buy

XMAS GIFTS

we can serve you now as well as we could a month ago. You can choose here, from a select stock of merchandise.

PRESENTS

that are beautiful and useful, at prices that will NOT make the poor, poorer.

Fur caps, Leather bags, suit cases, umbrellas, mufflers, ties suspenders, (also in sets) cuff buttons, scarf pins, silk cotton and wool sox, shirts of all description, hats, caps, suits or overcoats.

WALK OVER SHOES

and other useful things, reasonable prices.

MONHEIMERS'

THE WORKING MAN'S STORE

Ladies Home Journal Patterns — Olmett Shirts

FRY & COMES

The Store that sells "Wooltex"

Get Your XMAS PRESENTS NOW

There is of necessity a tremendous jam during the last few days of Holiday shopping—We say do your buying NOW because we want you to make your selections in comfort and get the full measure of satisfaction which the store can give you to a much greater degree now than at the last few days when stocks are depleted and everyone is in a hurry.

Gifts for Men

Gloves 25c to	$2.75
Cravats 25c to	.75
Mufflers 50c to	3.75
Umbrellas 50c to	7.75
Cuff Buttons 25c to	2.75
Scarf Pins 25c to	3.50
Handkerchiefs 5c to	1.00
Bath Blankets	$2.90
Sweaters $1.00 to	4.50
Smoking Sets 50c to	3.00
Shaving Sets 50c to	3.50
Tie Racks 25c to	.50

Gifts for Women

Gloves 25c to	$3.75
Neckwear 10c to	2.75
Hosiery 15c to	1.50
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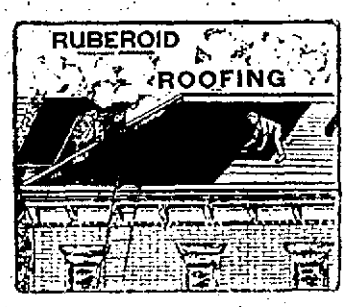

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Hidden Eyes on Watch

Rascals Foiled In Attempt to Ruin a Bank Cashier

By HOWARD FIELDING

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Fifteen years ago or more, when I was a schoolboy, there was a classmate of mine named Cora Perry, a pale, pretty girl with big violet eyes, who could make people turn around by looking at the backs of their heads. I could do it, too, but my chief distinction was as a subject in this experiment and not as an operator. I was always peculiarly susceptible to a glance.

Cora had been dead many years, poor girl, and I had not thought of her in a long time when upon a certain evening her image came before me with startling distinctness. It was on the occasion of a visit to New York, and I was sitting alone before a cheerful fire in the bachelor apartments of Cora's cousin, Carleton Perry.

I wondered what had made me think of my gentle schoolmate, and thus I became aware that for some minutes I had been afflicted with a peculiar uneasiness and had several times looked over my shoulder. My sensations were precisely the same as in the old days when Cora had been practicing her innocent magic upon me.

Was it possible that somebody was looking at the back of my head? The quiver idea took hold of me strongly enough to make me examine the apartment with considerable thoroughness.

Was there anything in the situation to justify my suspicion? This is how it stood: About a month ago I had written to Carleton Perry telling him that I should probably be in New York on Nov. 15. I had received a not very prompt reply, a nervous looking scrawl, of which the chief part run thus:

"Mighty glad you're coming, but can't you make it earlier? Try to get here by the 7th. There's something unusual. I'll tell you about it when I see you. Answer to my rooms."

And he gave me the address. I had replied that I would do as he desired, and upon Nov. 7 I arrived at the bank where Perry was employed as assistant cashier. At the bank I was informed that Perry was out of town upon some business for the institution. He had left word that I was to go to his rooms and make myself at home until he came.

The rooms were in a studio building, not expensive as rents run in New York, yet I had not expected to find him so well situated. He was only twenty-five, and, though I understood that he had shown extraordinary aptitude for the banking business, I could not fancy him to be strong enough yet to exact much money for his services. Moreover, he had a sister partly dependent upon him. She was a student at Wellesley.

The janitor of the building—a man with chestnut eyes that looked sideways and reminded me of a vicious

"OH, HOW YOU FRIGHTENED ME!"

horse—seemed to be expecting me, and he produced a latchkey upon the mention of my name.

It had been my intention to go out and have a look at the illuminated city, but the mystery indoors was too alluring. There was something wrong with that room, and when I came to think of it, I perceived a queerness in the general situation. It was unnatural that Perry should not have left a scrap of writing for me, that he should have trusted entirely to verbal messages. Coupling this with his own statement about "something unusual," I obtained a basis for genuine suspicion. The people at the bank had been a little overcordial. A man whom I judged to be the president had come out of an inner room and flashed an X ray glance at me. Even the horse eyed janitor at the apartments had seemed to view me with a certain relishing curiosity, as if I were on my way to the gallows.

Doubtless I should never have thought of these matters except for the peculiar sensation of being spied upon.

From the beginning I had veiled my investigations so that if there were a watcher, he could not know that I was looking for him.

I sat in the chair for half an hour until I began to be very drowsy, for my sleep had been scanty on the previous night in the train, and finally I must have fallen into a doze, for I did not hear the opening of the door. My first definite impression was of light. The fire had blazed up. Some bits of paper were burning on the top of it, and in the glow there stood the figure of a girl.

The bits of paper burned to blackness, and the visitor naturally vanished. So did everything else, but the effect upon me was much the same as if she alone had disappeared. A visual image of the illuminated side of her face seemed to linger in the air after all else was gone. An instant later I had touched the electric button, and the girl had sprung into view again, a more substantial figure.

The girl laid her hand upon her heart and leaned against the wall beside the mantel.

"Oh, how you frightened me!" she said.

I recognized my visitor as Carleton's sister, Evelyn, much changed in five years' time, her childish beauty amazingly perfected.

"You did not know that I was here, of course?" said I.

"No, but I am so glad."

"Carl is out of town, I am told."

"He is not," said she. "He's imprisoned. I don't know where, but in the city. I have just been released."

"Released!" I echoed. "Good heavens! What is all this?"

"It is something about the bank" said she. "I do not fully understand it. I have had only a few minutes' talk with Carl. You know that there is much trouble everywhere. Scandals are coming out, and people who have done dishonest things are frightened. Well, there was a politician, very powerful here, who borrowed large sums of money from the bank in an irregular way. This must be covered up, for if it comes out now it will make a frightful scandal, which will ruin the bank and all persons who have had a hand in this transaction. Carl says the president would either run away or kill himself."

"But Carl? He had nothing to do with it?"

"Nothing whatever, except that he knew of it. He could not prevent what was done. The bank people and this politician removed one of the bank's books or perhaps more than one and got an expert bookbinder, who took it to pieces and bound it again all in a night and with a new leaf in it. On that leaf is a fraudulent record of the politician's account. The real one is no longer there."

"Destroyed?"

"They thought so. But the bookbinder was as big a rascal as any of the others. He tricked them and saved the page containing the true account or enough of it to be proof of what was done. He went to Carl with this and proposed a plan of blackmail. Carl throttled the fellow and took the paper away from him, but before he could make up his mind what to do with it he discovered that there was a plot to ruin him.

"It seems that in spite of what they have done there is a shortage of money which cannot be covered up except by accusing some one of stealing it. Carl learned that he was to be accused. This was last Saturday. I had come to town that morning to be with him over Sunday. He had telegraphed me to come. I was at a boarding house where I have sometimes stayed before. He telephoned me to come down to the bank, and when I got there he told me as much of the story as I am telling you.

"He said that he had learned through a friend in the bank that he was to be arrested that day, but that the matter would be kept quiet through the politician's influence. Carl gave me the leaf from the ledger, saying that it was his only safety and that it would be taken from him if he were arrested. He told me to bring it here and hide it, and I did so."

"Here!" I cried. "But they would certainly search this place. Why didn't he take it to his lawyer?"

"He knows none whom he dares trust. He was waiting for you. He had provided a hiding place here."

"You came here?"

"Yes, and hid the paper. As I was leaving I was arrested."

"For heaven's sake, on what charge?"

"They said I was a witness and must go to the district attorney's office. They took me somewhere, and a man came in and looked at me and went out. Then I was taken to the house of detention for witnesses. I have been there ever since."

"You were released this evening?"

"Yes; they merely took me to the door and let me go."

"Then the document must be here now," said I. "They have failed to find it."

"I will look and see whether it is here."

"Wait," said I and laid a hand upon her arm.

For some minutes I stood close beside her, and we spoke in whispers. Then I stepped to the electric button and put out the lights. The room was as dark as the grave. I could not see Evelyn nor hear her until she spoke aloud, saying, "I have it."

I turned on the lights. Evelyn was standing by the table with a sealed envelope in her hands. She gave it to me, and I put it into my pocket.

"They will hardly dare to try any tricks with me," said I. "It was known that your brother surrendered the document, and that you came here. You were arrested in order that you might be searched. As you did not have the document, they knew that it must be here. You were held as long as they had any hope of finding it. Then you were released that you might come here and betray the hiding place. For this room is under constant observation. Well, the precious document is safe now," and I tapped my pocket. "Remain here while I confer with a lawyer whom I happen to know. He lives not far away. I'll be back in an hour. Meanwhile you'll be perfectly safe."

I opened the door. The man with the horse's eyes stood outside.

"Ah, the janitor," said I.

He came in and shut the door.

"I'm posing as the janitor for your benefit," said he. "In reality I'm a police detective, and at present I represent parties that it's unnecessary to name. A pal of mine whose head is behind that baseboard while the most of his body is in the room below, saw that young lady give you a certain paper." (He pointed to the lower part of the partition between the two rooms. There was a peephole to each undoubtedly.) "I'll trouble you for it," he continued, and with amazing suddenness drew a revolver.

"UNDER COMPULSION," SAID I.

"Under compulsion," said I, and gave him the sealed envelope. He opened it and took out a blank sheet of paper.

"Sold," said he, and without another word he restored the revolver to his pocket and left the room.

This trick I had outlined to Evelyn while we whispered together. It had been my intention to go out and walk about merely to see what would happen. I had expected to be arrested on some form of illegal capias merely to give a color of authority for searching me.

Meanwhile the precious document reposed safely in the large ball on top of one of the brass andirons.

There came a sound of trampling feet in the hall. I sprang to my traveling bag and got out a revolver. There was a knock on the door. A key turned in the lock, and Carleton Perry entered, followed by several men, among whom I recognized the man whom I had seen at the bank and rightly judged to be the president.

Perry greeted his sister with a tenderness which for a moment veiled the wrath that I could see blazing in every fiber of him.

"Duncan," said he, turning to me, "I have come here in company with these"— He hesitated for a word and finally said "gentlemen" in a tone that I have never heard equaled. Even the high politician winced. "I have come," he continued, "to make some sort of terms. I am going to do it, not because I am afraid of them, but because any exposure at this time will inevitably close the bank's doors and bring ruin to good and honorable men who are our customers."

"The bank is perfectly solvent," said the president smoothly.

"That's right," said Perry. "It is, so far as I know. If I am permitted to have an unofficial bank examiner of my acquaintance go in there tomorrow and if he says that all is right and every penny has been made good I'm willing to resign and get out and say nothing. But it must be fixed so that my reputation cannot suffer."

"That looks reasonable," said the president with an agreeable smile, as if we were discussing the most ordinary transaction in finance.

Well, it was compounding a felony which is rather bad business for an honest country lawyer, but we arranged the matter on that basis, after Carleton had returned from taking Evelyn to her lodgings.

"But this puts you out of a job," said I to Perry when all was over and the others gone.

"Hang the job," said he. "I'm in half a dozen things. I've been making money hand over fist. That's why they tried to pose me as a thief, because I looked too prosperous. I tell you what, Duncan, you stay here and be my legal adviser, and I'll make your fortune. And, by the way, what do you think of my little sister? Hasn't she bloomed like a rose?"

I looked at him in silence till I had a curious illusion that Evelyn's image had blotted him out and was sitting in his place.

"Carl," said I, "if there's a chance for me, I'll stay here with you."

"Bully!" he cried, and we shook hands across the table.

A PERSONATION OFF THE BOARDS

An Actor's Whim Discomfits a Detective.

A gentleman jumped from a cab, paid the driver and, seizing a small hand bag and a package of umbrellas and canes, stepped briskly into a hotel. His face was cleanly shaven, and he was dressed in a new suit of Scotch tweed. From this description he may easily be recognized as belonging to the dramatic profession. At the counter he swung the register around, seized a pen and entered his name as John Overaker.

"Let me have a blank check," said the gentleman.

The clerk handed him the desired article, and Mr. Overaker filled it out on a New York bank for $50. Handing it to the clerk, he stood as though expecting the money. The clerk hesitated.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Overaker," said the clerk, "that we deposited in bank nearly all our cash today. If you can wait awhile I'll be happy to accommodate you."

"Any time," said the gentleman. "I may not need it till late this evening."

He then turned and followed the bellboy to his room, from which he emerged a few minutes before 8 o'clock. He was about to leave the hotel when the clerk called to him:

"I have the money for your check now. Will you kindly step into the office a moment?"

Why he was asked into the office Mr. Overaker could not understand. Nevertheless he stepped through a door beside the counter and found himself in a small room with two men in police uniform.

"Mr. Overaker," said one of them, "have you any letters in your pocket?"

"What does this mean?" asked the gentleman, astonished.

"Answer my question."

"Yes; I have. Do you want to examine my private correspondence?"

"I would like to look at the address."

Mr. Overaker took half a dozen letters from his pocket and handed them to the officer, who looked at them, then looked at Mr. Overaker, then put the letters in his pocket. From another pocket he drew a photograph, which he studied carefully, after which he made a similar study of the features of Mr. Overaker.

"Pat Doolan," he said, "alias Handy Jim, we've been looking for you for some time. You're the slickest confidence man in the business. This job, however, is so barefaced, so easy of detection, that I am astonished. You not only impersonate a man well known in this town, but when asked to identify yourself as him you hand out letters addressed to another man. This photograph from the rogues' gallery was evidently taken when you were a younger man."

"Mr. Policeman," said the accused man, with a queer look in his eye, "don't you think I'm at least entitled to the money on the check I've drawn?"

"I think you'll come along with me."

"Not just now, if you please. There are a thousand people waiting for that hardened face of mine. After they're through with me I'll devote myself to you."

"Before you see them you'll be back in familiar quarters—a cell."

"Who are you anyway?"

"Inspector Gallagher."

At that moment there was a violent ring at the telephone bell, which was answered by the clerk.

"Well?"

"Is this G.'s hotel?"

"Yes."

"Is Walter Courtney there?"

"No such person stopping here."

"Yes; there is. Start your boys around at once to find out what's the matter with him. We're waiting for him."

"Who's waiting for him?"

"Why, the company at the theater."

"What theater?"

"B.'s theater. Perhaps he's registered under another name. He is an absentminded man and gets mixed with the characters he plays."

"What character does he play tonight?"

"John Overaker in 'The Shortest Way There.'"

"By thunder!"

After hearing the last words the clerk dropped the receiver and said to Mr. Overaker:

"Are you Walter Courtney?"

"Of course I am."

"Then why the dickens have you been personating John Overaker?"

Mr. Courtney for the first time saw his blunder.

"Because," he replied, with a twinkle in his eye, "I'm an actor."

"Front!" called the clerk wildly. "Call a carriage, and be quick about it. Mr. Courtney, I'm very sorry that you have been inconvenienced." Then, going to the safe, he clutched five ten dollar bills and brought them to the actor.

"Carriage!" called the bellboy.

"Goodby, Mr. Policeman!" called Mr. Courtney. "Don't lose that precious photograph from the rogues' gallery taken of me when my face was less hardened. I'll make the best gag out of this tonight I've ever made on the stage."

"If you do I'll leave the force."

"Well, we'll compromise by your meeting me after the play, and we'll let that $50 I've got by a confidence game go for champagne. After all, the joke's on me."

HUMOROUS QUIPS

Promised He Would Write.

She meets the postman daily, but he always shakes his head.
She is looking for a letter to confirm the things he said.
And her pretty eyes grow dimmer with the tears that blur her sight,
And she murmurs every morning, "Oh, he promised he would write!"

"Yes, he promised when we parted he would write me every day,
And a month has come and vanished since he journeyed far away.
How we lingered at the station as the day gave way to night!
And the last words that he uttered were a promise that he'd write."

Poor little sad eyed maiden who has only turned eighteen,
Poor little maid discovering that man can be so mean,
Forget him, oh, forget him, and start to smile anew!
Come, treat your summer love affairs as older maidens do.

Your first romance is ended. Let it not make you glum.
Cease looking for the letter because it will not come.
Cease fretting; start to smiling. The future years are bright.
These summer men will promise, but they very seldom write.
—Edgar A. Guest in Detroit Free Press.

Beyond Her Depth.

They were seated around the table partaking of watermelon, so the talk naturally turned to the luscious fruit.

"It reminds me of a conversation which took place between two colored women," said one of the guests.

"'Mm-r, but Ah certainly does lobe watermelons,' said one. 'It sure does tickle mah palate. How does you like watermelons, Sister Lize?'

"'Waal, Ah tells you, Sis' Jane, returned the other, 'Ah certainly does lobe watermelons, but Ah can't eats 'em.'

"'Waal, that am too bad. What am de matter, Lize?'

"'It am like dis, Sis' Jane. I lobes watermelon, but Ah always get mah ears wet when Ah eats 'em.'"—Milwaukee Free Press.

Minute Information.

"Do you know anything about Mars?" asked the professor.

"Yes," replied the confident student. "It is inhabited by a numerous race of highly industrious people."

"Indeed! And may I ask why you believe all this?"

"Because otherwise it would be impossible for them to build canals as fast as some of our astronomers discover them."—Washington Star.

Which Is Different.

The editor was trying to placate an indignant statesman.

"All we said about you in the paper, Mr. Krukajak," he assured him, "was that you seemed to have an inadequate sense of proportion."

"Not by a-blamed sight!" roared the caller. "What you said about me was that I seemed to have an inadequate proportion of sense!"—Chicago Tribune.

Real Cold Cream.

"Mabel, did you go down to the drug store for that cold cream?"

"Yeth, ma'am."

"Well, where is it?"

"I ate it, of course."

"Ate it! Why, child, what kind did you get?"

"Chocolate ice cream. It was the coldest kind I could get."—Youngstown Telegram.

Close Calculation.

"Horse sick?" asked the man in the buggy.

"Yep," replied the man with a spring wagon.

"Hard luck, ain't it?"

"Oh, I dunno. It's gettin' so medicine is cheaper than hay."—Washington Star.

A Mere Sham.

"This," explained the cigar salesman, "will make an excellent pipe for your husband. "It's a meerschaum."

"How dare you, sir," the lady demanded indignantly, "attempt to sell me a fraudulent article! I want the genuine or nothing."—Judge's Library.

The Way They Do.

"Women never get a good grasp on anything."

"Are you a married man?"

"Yes."

"Then, for gracious sake, tell me where you hide your loose change."—Baltimore American.

Diplomacy and Handicaps.

"If a man called me a liar I'd lick him if he weighed 300 pounds."

"Well, you big bluff, I say you're a liar!"

"Bluff yourself. You don't weigh more than 150, and you're immune."—Cleveland Leader.

Innocent Edgar.

Mrs. Wayne—The children in this neighborhood are positively terrible.

Mrs. Kinglee—Really?

Mrs. Wayne—Why, whenever they get into mischief they make my dear little Edgar their leader.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Farmyard Philosophy.

Black Orp, Sr.—Ah, my boy, there is nothing stronger than a mother's love!

Young Black Orp—Isn't there, by Jove! Have you ever had a peck at one of these onions?—Tatler.

The Retort Convalescent.

Hospital Interne—Are you in pain, my man? Patient (irritably)—Aw, I'm in bed, and the pain seems ter be in me!—Judge.

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E. W. STRONG

Aunt Dorinda's Dearest Foe

Thanksgiving Episode That Healed Old Feuds

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Nathan sniffed the air hungrily. "I smell mince turnovers," he hinted ingratiatingly.

"Run along, do," chided Miss Dorinda, smiling broadly. "You're not going to get a bite to eat till dinner time, Nathan Sherman; I haven't spent days and days preparing a Thanksgiving dinner to have you spoil it all by eating between meals."

"I'm starving, Aunt Dorinda," protested the young man. "I haven't had a thing to eat for fifteen minutes and"—

"Shoo!" Miss Dorinda waved her apron and her nephew made a graceful exit to the back porch, where he peered impishly at her through the screen door.

Nathan smiled as he walked down the path and set forth on a little tour of exploration around the old farm, familiar to him since childhood. The old place had changed little with the passing years, and the little village off to the left presented much the same aspect it bore when first he had seen it years before. Mounting a hill, he could see here and there a new building, and some of the old farmhouses had been replaced with more pretentious structures, but such changes were rare. After an hour spent in this desultory way he returned to the house and said to Aunt Dorinda:

"You've driven me to ride. I shall get out the car and go for a spin. Sure you don't want to go?"

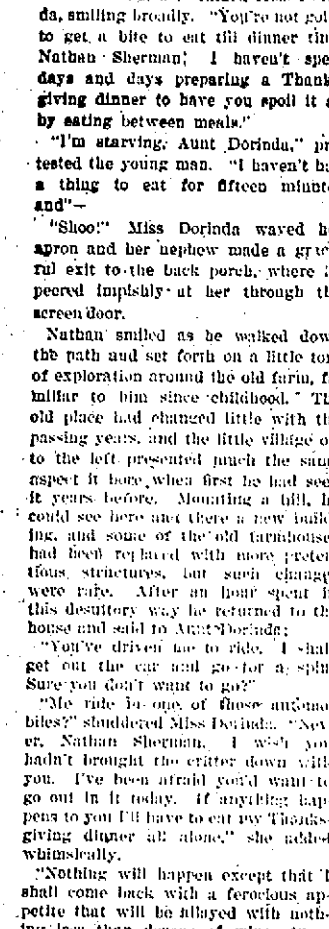
"Me ride in one of those automobiles?" shuddered Miss Dorinda. "Never, Nathan Sherman. I wish you hadn't brought the critter down with you. I've been afraid you'd want to go out in it today. If anything happens to you I'll have to eat my Thanksgiving dinner all alone," she added whimsically.

"Nothing will happen except that I shall come back with a ferocious appetite that will be allayed with nothing less than dozens of mince turnovers and unlimited pieces of pumpkin pie."

Nathan ran down the steps and turned toward the carriage shed, where his long red motorcar was sheltered.

Soon he was busy polishing and furbishing the car until, satisfied that not a suspicion of dust marred its resplendent varnish, he cranked up and, mounting, backed the glittering motor out of the shed.

"Do be careful, dear," admonished his aunt as he ran the car smoothly



"WHY, MR. SHERMAN, WHERE DID YOU DROP FROM?"

around the drive and stopped at the kitchen door.

"Very well. Sure you don't want to come?"

"Never!"

"Shall I slay you a chicken or your enemy? Have you an enemy, Aunt Dorinda?" he asked mischievously. Then as she reddened to the roots of her snowy hair he bit his lips with vexation. "I beg your pardon, aunty. I might have known you haven't an enemy in the world."

"I have one enemy, Nat," said the dear lady sadly, "but I wouldn't have you slay him, although that would eliminate the long dispute over the swamp boundary lines. Run along, do, child, and be careful. Bring yourself back safely, and that will be all I ask today. Chloe is waiting for me." Miss Dorinda faded into the background of the big room, while Nathan threw in the clutch and shot down the drive into the open road.

It was an ideal Thanksgiving day, hazy among the shoulders of the distant mountains, with a red sun hanging dimly overhead. The scantily clothed trees waved their rags and ...rs of russet and crimson with ever-...ruffling breeze. There was ripened fruits, the mellow fragrance of decayed apples, the tang of wood smoke from many chimneys and the frosty chill of a November day.

Nathan had come down the day before from the city to spend the holiday with his only relative, Miss Dorinda Sherman, and he had brought his new automobile that she might enjoy the pleasure of a ride in the vehicle.

To Nathan's intense disappointment Miss Dorinda had expressed a perfect horror of automobiles. That was why the young man was taking his morning spin all alone. He smiled reminiscently at Aunt Dorinda's unaffected horror of the machine and frowned a little as he remembered the faux pas he had created in speaking of Miss Dorinda's enemy, for the Sherman-Willis dispute over land boundaries had been county talk for two decades. It had begun in the days when Miss Dorinda's father and John Willis' parent had bought adjoining farms and fell to quarreling over the boundary lines.

This quarrel had been time and again before the courts and seemingly settled each time, but had invariably broken out again when the litigants got together to arrange the final details. Neither of the stubborn men would agree to a division that did not agree with his first notions of what belonged to him. So the matter bade fair to go on indefinitely, even after the original disputants had passed from the scene.

Now, at this late day, the situation was much the same, save that there had ceased to be any verbal controversy over the boundaries. Dorinda Sherman and young John Willis had had the poor judgment to fall in love with each other in spite of the parental feud, and when the young man had gone to Dorinda's father and asked for her hand he had been so forcibly ejected from the premises that his anger and wounded pride overcame his love for Dorinda for the time being, and he stayed away until it was too late. After the two quarrelsome old men were dead and buried in the churchyard where the matter of boundary lines were of little moment after all, John Willis had approached Dorinda once more without success. After that these two young people had kept up the family feud in a quiet sort of way. When Dorinda met John she inclined her head so slightly from the perpendicular that it would have been better if she had not done it at all; and he removed his hat with such visible reluctance that Dorinda wished fiercely that she might never speak to him again and thus spare him the strain on his courtesy.

"It's a queer world," sighed Nathan as he thought of the two elderly people living so near to each other and yet so widely separated. And then his thoughts reverted to his own affairs. He had had a misunderstanding with the one girl in the world he had ever cared for. They had been on the verge of betrothal, and then a foolish quarrel had estranged them. That was why he was speeding about the country alone, waiting for Miss Dorinda's dinner instead of sitting down to the Thanksgiving feast spread in the dining room of Kitty's father. Suppose Kitty should never relent and their cases would parallel the one he had been thinking of!

An uneasy frown creased his handsome brow as he pondered the foolishness of lovers and of himself in general. Kitty was so easy to get along with if one only exercised horse sense. And there you were—Kitty was an angel. If he ever had another chance. He smothered a sigh and drew a sharp breath as he rounded a sudden curve and saw imminent danger ahead.

Before him stretched the sharp incline of a long hill leading down from the railroad station. In front of him the village stage was zigzagging down the hill drawn by two frantically plunging, runaway horses. They were a hundred yards in advance of him as he turned the curve. Nathan crowded on his brakes, but they did not respond. Then with a muttered prayer on his white lips he felt the machine rolling swiftly down the hill under its own impetus, and he took a firm grip of the steering wheel, knowing that the only hope of safety lay in his avoiding collision with the stage, which swayed from one side of the road to the other with puzzling uncertainty. Nathan gritted his teeth and followed the curious gyrations of the vehicle with anxious eyes, dodging, darting, evading contact with it and vainly endeavoring to steer clear of it and rush past to safety.

He could hear the driver's shouts of anger and command to the frightened beasts. He saw the two passengers in the stage tossed about like peas in a pod. One was a man and the other a girl enveloped in heavy brown furs. All at once the plunging horses settled back on their haunches, the stage lurched violently backward, the rear door flew open and disgorged the passengers on the frosty ground. Then as if they had accomplished what they had set out to do the horses dashed down the hill, the door banging to and fro, the driver shouting lustily.

Nathan ditched his car without accident and, leaping out, gave his attention to the passengers so unceremoniously tumbled into the road. Neither one appeared to be hurt owing perhaps to the fact that they had rolled down the steps to the ground and in the girl's case because she was so thickly wrapped in furs.

"All right?" asked Nathan cheerily as he dusted the handsome coat of the elderly man.

"Yes, thanks," returned the other pleasantly. "I hope the young lady is not injured."

"Not a scratch"—she was beginning when her eyes met Nathan's and brimmed over. "Why—why—Mr. Sherman, where did you drop from?" she faltered as Nathan took her unresisting into his arms.

"Spending the day with my aunt. What are you doing out here?" demanded Nathan deliriously happy because Kitty did not instantly release herself in spite of the sympathetic glances of her elderly companion.

"I'm on my way to eat Thanksgiving dinner with a cousin in Plainville. The stage was taking us to the junction to catch the Foxhall train. Well, we have missed it, unless you—perhaps your machine can make it."

"What time was the train to go?" asked Nathan, pulling at his watch.

"Eleven forty-five," returned Kitty.

"It's 11:50 now. If you insist, I can take you direct to Foxhall—but, dear, wouldn't you rather telephone your excuses to your friend and come and eat Thanksgiving dinner with Aunt Dorinda and me? You'll have to next year anyway," he asserted impudently.

"Very well, I'd love to," she murmured.

"I hope you'll excuse us," said Nathan to the elderly man who had stood aloof apparently interested in the car,

HER EYES OPENED AT THE SIGHT OF THE PASSENGERS.

"but you see, we've had a misunderstanding and—well, we had to make it up."

"That's the happiest thing in the world if you can accomplish it," said the other gravely. "I heard you say you were going to Foxhall. The road leads past my place. I wonder if you cannot drop me there. I believe I've broken my arm after all. It pains frightfully."

"Certainly," returned Nathan, preparing to get his car from the ditch. He tinkered with the brake levers and corrected a misplaced bolt. "Now, if you'll get in the tonneau, Kitty, there, dear, snug and warm? That's good. Now, Mr."— Nathan indicated the seat beside himself.

"Willis," said the other soberly—"John Willis."

"Oh," said Nathan awkwardly. "Glad to meet you, sir."

"That's more than any of your folks ever were before," smiled the other rather grimly and yet with a certain sweetness of expression about his worn face that quite captivated Miss Dorinda's nephew.

"Oh, I say, I think it's the limit of foolishness to carry on feuds and things like that, you know," he stammered hastily. "I'm sure my grandfather and your father have made that up long ago, wherever they are," he added, with a boyish reverence in his tones. "What's the use of believing in anything if you can't be sure you're going to shake all this unpleasantness some day?"

"You're right, young man," agreed John Willis thoughtfully; "only you can't make other people believe that, you see. I wish you could convince somebody else of the wisdom of your remarks." He looked oddly at Nathan under his heavy brows.

"Want me to try?" asked Nathan earnestly.

"If you will be so kind," said the other gruffly.

"Leave it to me, then."

A half hour later Nathan rolled up to the kitchen door, calling lustily for Miss Dorinda, and when that sweet faced lady appeared in festal array her eyes widened at the sight of the passengers in the car, and her face paled and flushed as she met John Willis' pleading eyes.

"Oh, Nathan, what have you done?" she faltered.

"I don't bring you a souvenir, for I didn't run down any chickens, but here is a prospective niece—Kitty Gale, Aunt Dorinda. I've told you about her. And here is your enemy—that was—just note that, will you—that was. He has broken his arm or his heart or something or other, and while Kitty and I dash over to Roseborough after a doctor just you look out for him. When we come back we can all have dinner together—that is, if anybody here is in a thankful mood. Eh, Aunt Dorinda?" Nathan hugged her until her face glowed pink over his shoulder.

"We have lots to be thankful for, my dear," she said tremblingly as he released her.

"We certainly have," added Mr. Willis emphatically as he gave his injured arm to Miss Dorinda's tender inspection.

"And so have we," called Nathan over his shoulder as he whirled away to Roseborough with Kitty Gale nestling close to his broad shoulder.

KEPT TO THE POINT.

Interruptions Didn't Make Blaine Lose His Self Possession.

In his "Yesterday With the Fathers" Dr. William Wilberforce Newton tells an incident which, fortunately escaping tragedy, serves nevertheless to illustrate the imperturbable self possession of a famous statesman.

Upon one occasion the Hon. James G. Blaine addressed a large concourse of people. There was a great wooden platform, on which were the speakers and the officers and a famous German band. I had been invited to make the opening prayer. After this Mr. Blaine began his address with the following sentence:

"I am opposed to the election of Samuel J. Tilden."

Just then some one in the crowd called out, "Hurrah for James G. Blaine!" and then a great ovation greeted the Republican leader. At its close Mr. Blaine began again by remarking:

"As I said a few moments ago, I am opposed to the election of Samuel J. Tilden."

Just then a terrible grinding, crushing, earthquake-like sensation was felt by all of us who were seated on the platform, and the entire staging went down with a rush. We were tumbled one over another, speakers, officers, German band and all, and for myself I felt as Korah, Dathan and Abiram probably felt when the earth opened and swallowed them up alive in the pit.

Mr. Blaine and I happened to be wound round together, legs and arms in inextricable confusion, and as we were trying to worm ourselves out of the melee he said to me:

"Mr. Newton, isn't there an article in the Apostolic Creed about the resurrection from the dead?"

"There is, Mr. Blaine," I replied, "and there is also an article about descending"—

When the debris was removed and a place made for the speaker he began again by saying, for the third time:

"Notwithstanding these many interruptions, I am as opposed as ever to the election of Samuel J. Tilden."

GENIUS OF SCHUBERT.

Whatever the Great Composer Felt Flowed Forth in Music.

Whenever Schubert happened to turn over the leaves of a volume of poetry, verses that pleased him would become clothed in melody. They would sing themselves in his mind with superb accompaniment, noble in rhythm and rich in harmonies. If paper happened to be within reach the song would at once be written down.

One July evening in 1826, after a long walk, the composer strolled into a beer garden and found a friend sitting at a table with a volume of Shakespeare. Shubert picked up the book and read the song in "Cymbeline," "Hark, Hark, the Lark." The beautiful melody, with its accompaniment, as we now have it instantly flashed upon him, and he wrote it down on the spot upon staves hastily scrawled across the back of a bill of fare. In the course of the same evening he set to music the drinking song in "Antony and Cleopatra" and the verses "Who Is Sylvia," in "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

And all this exquisiteness came from the son of a cook and poor mechanic, whose chief delight as a baby was to pick out melodies on a rusty old piano in his father's shop and whose acme of human bliss was reached when he was taken to a neighboring joiner's to try his infant hands on a fine new instrument. He was a charity pupil in the Imperial School of Music, but neither its orphan asylum atmosphere, the two meals a day nor the ice cold piano with the ice cold instruction dampened the little Franz's ardor. Whatever he felt flowed forth in music.—New York World.

Pockets Make the Man.

Mrs. John Lane, in a volume of essays called "Talk of the Town," takes an ingenious way to prove that mentally woman is superior to man:

Just consider: The most ordinary kind of man has at least a dozen pockets, while a woman of transcendent intellect generally has none, or, if she has one, it is where she can't get at it. Now, try to imagine a man doing his errands with a purse, handkerchief and shopping list in one hand, the tail of his skirt in the other, his umbrella under one arm, meanwhile making an effort to keep his head clear for business problems and at the same time keeping a wary eye out for motors. He couldn't do it! There really is no doubt that man owes his superiority to women entirely to his pockets.

Misleading.

A man once ran for office, and after a very close election the returns showed that he had been elected by a few votes. A friend with whom he had been discussing the matter asked:

"What makes you think that all the ballots weren't counted?"

"You see," replied the successful candidate, "I'm judging from the number of fellows who've come around asking for a job on the ground that they voted for me."—New York Times.

His Affliction.

A teacher had told a class of juvenile pupils that Milton, the poet, was blind. The next day she asked if any of them could remember what Milton's great affliction was.

"Yes'm," replied one little fellow; "he was a poet."—Christian Register.

The minutes saved by hurry are as useless as the pennies saved by parsimony.—C. B. Newcomb.

State.

Governor—John K. Tener.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheta.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young
Secy of Internal Affairs—Henry Houch

District and County.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton Smethport.
Member of Congress—Charles M. Patton Curwinsville.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Apple
Members of Assembly—H. W. Hilles Smethport; E. R. Benson, Mt. Jewett.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—B. F. Starkey, Smethport
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport
Clerk of Courts—Frank E. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—R. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adsit, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. B. Anders, Clermont; A. E. Corp, Corydon.
Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdett S. Bayle.
District Attorney—Guy E. Mayo, Smethport.

Borough.

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
Council—E. E. Heath, President; F. P. Siever, Secretary; J. W. Walts, E. W. Workley, G. H. Denning, F. L. Sherburne, J. C. Backus, H. H. Sasse.
Justices—E. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove
Constable—U. H. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president S. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht treasurer; John B. Eastman, H. H. Barfield, John Clark.
Collector—E. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Corwin W. E. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Bubin
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. J. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m., in Masonic Hall, Main street.
EDGAR W. STRONG, W. M.
W. J. SPECHT, Secy.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge No. 96, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree 1st, second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Secy.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment No. 273, meets 1st first and third Wednesday each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch
I. J. SWANSON, Scribe
I. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 49, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C., Smethport Branch No. 1, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
ELIZABETH PURTLE, Pres
ANNIE STARK, Secy.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S., meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BABBIT, W. M.
MRS. R. E. BURDICK, W. M.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in Holder Hall.
JOHN PICKERSGILL, S.
L. K. HOGARTH C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal Church—J. W. McGavern, pastor. Preaching 10:30 a. m. Sunday school, 11:45 a. m.; Epworth League, 6:45 p. m.; Evening Service, 7:30. Mid-Week Prayer and Praise Service, Wednesday, 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

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ROSARO GIGLIOTTI CAPTURED

(Continued from Page 1)

his mental faculties, such as they are his mental equipment is limited He does not seem to fully realize the extent and gravity of his present peril

Joe Borgino (known as Brown) at whose home on Railroad street, Gigliotti was a boarder was arrested Saturday charged with assisting a fugitive from justice to escape He is under bail in the sum of $500 The report was current yesterday that Brown had given the police their tip as to Gigliotti's whereabouts but this is denied The police prefer not to state where their information was obtained

The Bradford police, under the direction of Chief Mooney and Captain Howe and assisted by Constables Spreter, Cline and others have been untiring in their efforts during the past week to get on the trail of Gigliotti County Detective Jones has also rendered valuable assistance The country round about was thoroughly searched and descriptions of the fugitive were sent to many places throughout the nation Much credit is due to the officers for their efforts Who will get the reward of $200 offered by the county commissioners will be decided later

The captured man was seen at the lockup this morning at an early hour He was then in a cheerful mood and said he felt much better He seemed to have regained his composure and was apparently pleased to be no longer under the strain of being a hunted fugitive

The Fugitive's Movements.

According to information obtained by the Era yesterday, Gigliotti after the double killing on Johnson street Sunday night Dec 10 hurried up the B, R & P track and on the way disposed of his gun in a place where the police expect to find it today He went up Main street to Mechanic and then up Barbour street He proceeded on his way to Bennett and to Washington street setting out for the West Branch He went to the reservoir and concealed himself in a barn until Monday night when he returned toward the city hiding in an old still in a junk heap He was cold and hungry and came into the city Tuesday night He went to the house of Joe Brown—or Bogine—on Railroad street and obtained what he says It is understood that he got food in another place and then went to a suburban barn for the night and next day Wednesday night he concluded that the officers were too closely in touch with him for his safety—on one occasion he being in one room of a house in this city while officers searching the building were in another apartment By clever side stepping he managed to elude observation

On Wednesday night he started out along the line of the Erie railroad and in due course reached Mt Jewett A shanty in that locality afforded him a place of shelter during the latter part of the night and the next day. Thursday night he again proceeded on his journey, reaching an abandoned camp formerly occupied by railroad laborers There Gigliotti found some cast-off clothing overalls coat etc, with which to disguise himself He had his razor and shaved off his moustache He burned his own clothing he says and in his new outfit went to Ketner, reaching that place Saturday evening

There a large number of Italians are at work reconstructing the B R & P road washed out by high water some time ago Gigliotti did not know any of the men working there—nor did they know him

When he was arrested the men at the camp were greatly surprised

MRS BIGLER'S FATHER MURDERED

Coroner Sherman Furnishes Some Interesting Data to The Era

To the Editor It has been generally understood here that the late Grace Bigler was the daughter of a man by the name of Graham who was at one time alderman of the Second ward in this city

The facts in the case are as follows Grace Bigler's mother whose name was Imogene Hultz was married to Grace's father, Nathan S Hultz, at Farmers Valley in March 1870 by A J Otto a justice of the peace at that place Mrs Hultz's maiden name was Imogene Nay and she was 15 years old when she was married She lived with Hultz for 12 years and had three children Grace being the youngest. In 1882 Hultz got to drinking and his wife left him and came to Bradford She took the name of Graham to prevent him from locating her A few years later he came to Bradford but did not find her

In October, 1896, Hultz became involved in a fatal fight with foreigners out Washington street extension

A copy of my report as coroner at the time of his death reads as follows

That the said Nathan S Hultz came to his death about 2 o'clock a m. on Thursday, the 1st day of October, A D 1896 in Bradford township county of McKean and state of Pennsylvania, from the effects of bullet wounds as follows In right arm extending from wrist to elbow joint, in left leg from knee pan and joint around to back part of leg, in right leg shattering bone between knee and ankle and bullet wound in mouth, said bullets having been fired from a revolver in the hands of an Italian by the name of Joe Ross'

After the death of Hultz his wife resumed her own name and soon after applied for a pension as his widow he having served in Company F of the 76th regiment Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, which pension was granted in April 1898 I am quite sure that she never knew Judge Graham

Mrs Hultz died September 1, 1911, at No 12 Johnson street, the same place where Grace was murdered on December 10

Grace Bigler's husband, John Bigler was found dead in the Bovaird & Seyfang building about 3 o'clock on the morning of November 4 1908 At the time of his death Grace was living with a man named Cables, at Elmira N Y

E R SHERMAN

PERSONAL MENTION

William Colegrove was a visitor in Bradford on Saturday

W F Specht was a business visitor in Bradford last Thursday

Edwin Bouton was a Bradford visitor last Friday and Saturday

Misses Iva Holder and Eva Hoffman spent Tuesday in Bradford

Mrs C W Freeman and daughter, Theo spent Saturday in Bradford

J C Stull of Portville, N Y was a business visitor in town yesterday

John B Oviatt of Norwich was a business visitor in town yesterday

Mrs Robert Cooper and Mrs D M Cooper were Olean visitors Friday

Mrs Scott F Redfield and children are in Syracuse N Y for Christmas

Misses Leona Hogarth and Marie Partle were visitors in Bradford Saturday

Mrs Roy Blowers of Westfield N Y is visiting her mother Mrs J W Brennan

Mrs John B Eastman and daughter Dorothy were Bradford visitors last Saturday

B F Starsky left this morning for Buffalo where he expects to spend Christmas.

Mrs Hattie Mesler who has been visiting relatives here for some time has gone to Erie

Merle Cosper of Wellsboro Pa is visiting at the home of his mother Mrs Mary Cosper

Miss Sophia Hafner of Clermont is the guest of her uncle William Hafner and family

Miss Mollie King was in Olean over Sunday and attended the funeral of Mrs Flora A Brown

Allen Morrison of Hobart College Geneva, is expected home for the holiday vacation to-day

Miss Gertrude Richards of Hazelhurst was the guest of Miss Olive Richards on Saturday

Orlo J Hamlin and H H Redfield were called to Robison Hill on Monday on a business mission

Mr and Mrs W P Mitchell arrived here Saturday evening from Philadelphia for an extended visit

Scott F Redfield leaves to-morrow for Syracuse, N Y where he will remain until after Christmas

Mrs L Steinhauer of Farmers Valley was the guest of her daughter Mrs W B Hopper, this week

Mrs G I Chase returned Thursday night from a visit with Olean Limestone and Shinglehouse friends

Miss Edna Specht who is attending Mechanics Institute Rochester is home for the holiday vacation

Mrs Lavina Callen and Mrs Charles Pratt were guests of the former's brother Ira Hall at Olean Thursday

Mrs George McConnell and daughter Jane have returned to their home in Warren after a visit with Mrs W O Herzog

Mrs Elmer Skinner and infant daughter of Cyclone Pa were visiting Mrs Mark Schoonmaker during the past week

Geo J Chase returned home from New York Monday evening He returns to that city to-morrow to stay until after Chrismas

Mrs George Smith has returned to her home in Hamburg, N Y, after spending several days with her sister Mrs F W Brownell

Misses Inza and Myra Sherburne who are attending Mechanics Institute in Rochester, N Y are home for the Christmas vacation

Robert Richards, who is president of the senior class at Jefferson Medical college in Philadelphia, is spending his holiday vacation with his parents Mr and Mrs George Richards

Miss Katherine Mayo, who is attending Wellesley college Mass, arrived home Friday to spend her holiday vacation with her parents, Mr and Mrs E R Mayo

Miss Alma Hertig, who has been employed as head milliner in the Lindholm store during the past season, left Saturday for her home in Emporium to spend the rest of the winter.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Robert the four-year-old son of Mr and Mrs W S Palmer met with a very painful accident last Friday and it is luck the little fellow did not suffer more serious injuries Last Friday morning his aunt Miss Lal King was scrubbing the kitchen and had a pan of boiling water on the floor. Robert came running into the room, slipped and fell into the water His left leg was quite painfully scalded raising blisters, but the burns are not deep enough to be of a serious nature A physician was called and dressed his burns and he is getting along nicely

—The honor roll for the current school month contains the names of William Brownell Helen Hamilton, Leonore Lemmler, Harold Day, Ralph White, Howard Wilson, Marion Woodring Naomi Comes Victoria Johnson Velma Wilcox Robert Brownell and Flossie Freeman Place on this list is gained by attaining an average of at least ninety per cent in four or more subjects and the names are arranged in the order of standing

—Will party who picked up pair of Maltese kittens on Main street Saturday night return to W L Armstrong and receive reward

—Tony Rock an industrious and frugal Italian of Warren, was found unconscious near his home last Saturday He had been struck on the head with a club and was supposedly left for dead by his assailants Rock when questioned declares he has no known enemies but will not answer the question as to whether or not he has received Black Hand letters The police are said to be in possession of information to the effect that Rock has received such epistles warning him that unless he left $2 000 at a specified time his life would be the forfeit and the Warren police are thoroughly investigating the case along these lines

—Mrs F A McCoy of this place won the fourth prize in Armour & Co's Kitchen Economy Contest for November in the Pennsylvania district Her receipe follows Consomme with Marrow Dumplings—Buy the part of the shin bone that contains the most marrow Remove the marrow and make stock of the soup bone as usual cooking slowly for four hours at least One hour before using put in salt, pepper, celery salt one bay leaf, and a little onion Put the marrow in a bowl and set on warming shelf until soft enough to cream with a spoon After creaming, add two well-beaten eggs, salt red pepper and enough bread crumbs to make it stiff enough to handle Flour the hands well and make into balls as large as the yolk of an egg Fifteen minutes before serving add one teaspoonful of Armour's Extract of Beef to stock. Strain and put in dumplings and let boil for fifteen minutes, keeping closely covered

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E W JONES

The Useful Verb "To Get."

There is no word long or short, in the English language capable of performing so much labor in a clear, intelligible sense as the verb to get And here is an old time specimen of its capabilities

"I got on horseback within ten minutes after I got your letter When I got to Canterbury I got a chaise for town, but I got wet through before I got to Canterbury, and I have got such a cold as I shall not be able to get rid of in a hurry I got to the treasury about noon but, first of all I got shaved and dressed I soon got into the secret of getting a memorial before the board, but I could not get an answer then. However I got intelligence from the messenger that I should most likely get one the next morning As soon as I got back to my inn I got my supper When I got up in the morning I got my breakfast and then got myself dressed that I might get out in time to get an answer to my memorial As soon as I got it I got into the first chaise and got to Canterbury by 3 o'clock, and about tea time I got home"—Ave Maria

Wellington's Subtle Retort.

Wednesday, 11th October, 1836—Lord Fitzgerald made us laugh at dinner today with a story about John Wilson Croker, whose pertinacity of opinion is well known. He was laying down the law after dinner to the Duke of Wellington and, according to custom, assert ng the superiority of his own information on all subjects having even flatly contradicted the duke, who had mentioned some incident that had taken place at the battle of Waterloo At last the conversation turned upon the use of percussion caps for muskets of the army when Croker again maintained a directly opposite opinion to that which was urged by the duke, who at last good humoredly said to him, "My dear Croker I can yield to your superior information on most points, and you may know a great deal more of what passed at Waterloo than myself, but as a sportsman I will maintain my point about percussion caps."—Thomas Raikes' Journal.

BUYING A MULE.

Noise and Abuse a Part of the Transaction in Algiers

Americans who travel in eastern lands are amused as well as aggravated by the business methods which prevail there A recent traveler in Algiers concluded to buy a mule and finally found one for sale

He went to the owner with an interpreter and a dialogue then ensued as follows

The interpreter, with yell "I will give you $10 for that mule

The Arab "Ten dollars! Murder! Thief! Brigand!

The interpreter I will make it $11 Do you hear you scoundrel? I offer you $11 for your old mule, which will die in about a week You are a robber and a thief to take that much, but I am a generous man, and I serve a great man so I offer you $11, you scum of Africa!"

Then they both yelled and shook their fists at each other, and to the American it looked as if they were going for each other hammer and tongs

The row they made was terrible, but no one seemed to notice it

Finally a bargain was struck, and then they fell upon each other's neck and embraced

And the American got his mule for $11—St. Louis Globe Democrat

KINGS TALKED OF A DUEL.

But George II and Frederick of Prussia Didn't Fight.

The personal enmity which existed between George II and Frederick King of Prussia reached at one time to such a height that as Baron Bielfield was informed on good authority, the monarchs conceived the very singular design of gratifying it in a duel

King George made a choice of Brigadier Sutton for his second and the king of Prussia of Colonel Derschau The territory of Hildesheim was picked on for the meeting His Britannic majesty was then at Hanover, and his Prussian majesty had come as far as Seelahl near Brunswick Baron Borck, the Prussian minister at London and lately dismissed from the court in a very abrupt manner, having repaired to the king his master, at Seelahl found him in such a violent passion that he did not think it advisable directly to oppose his design but to gain time feigned to approve of the extraordinary combat which his majesty meditated and the even offered to carry the challenge

The challenge was not sent Ministers on both sides gained time the choler of both parties evaporated and the following year the quarrel was made up—The Percy Anecdotes

The Scolding Love Bird

"Those love birds" said a keeper in the aviary at the Bronx zoo "are more like human beings in their actions and characters than any birds we have in the place The male which, you see has a little blue spot on its beak, is as gentle and affectionate as a pet dog but the female is a regular shrew, and that's the only word by which to describe her She pecks and scolds at her mate, and often I have seen her lower her head and shove him off the perch Sometimes she will chase him about the cage, jabbering at him like an old hag The male seems to put up with it as patiently as a henpecked husband He never tries to retaliate, and it isn't on account of fear either The old lady acts the same way with me. When I speak to her she scolds at me The mate seems to appreciate any attention I pay to him and twitters to me like an old friend"—New York Sun.

An Early Arab Aviator.

A French oriental student has discovered a surprisingly early record of experiments in aviation. The hero of the enterprise was one Ibn Firnas, an Arab of Spain and physician to the Khalif Abdurrahman II, who flourished in the ninth century Renowned as an inventor as well as a doctor, he devised a clockwork apparatus by means of which he "flattered himself that he would be able to rise into the air like a bird" and a crowd assembled near Cordova to see him try He did, it seems, actually get off the ground but fell again with a great thud amid the derisive cheers of the populace The story has been found and pointed out in an Arabic work by a certain El Makkari.—Westminster Gazette

The Gasoline Grammar.

To what extent the automobile has invaded the preparatory school may be judged from the following occurrence

Teacher (to beginners' class in Latin) —Can any of you boys give the rules for accentuation of Latin words?

Only one hand was raised

"Well, Tenney, what are the rules?"

"Words of two cylinders accent the first cylinder and words of three cylinders accent the antepenult."—Life.

A Natural Question.

Little Walter was eating lunch when he gave his arm a sudden shove, and, splash, down went his glass of milk

"I knew you were going to spill that," said mamma angrily

"Well, if you knew," queried Walter, "why didn't you tell me?"

Solving the Problem.

"What can I do for my little boy," asked mamma "so that he won't want to eat between meals?"

"Have the meals flicker together," replied the young hopeful

The same people who can deny others everything are famous for refusing themselves nothing.—Leigh Hunt.

A FOREST RANGER HERO.

Tragic Incident of the Forest Fires of 1910 in Idaho

Overton W Price, vice president of the National Conservation association, in his book The Land We Live In tells this story of a heroic forest ranger

"The summer of 1910 by reason of great drought and unusually high winds was the worst for forest fires that the west has ever known. In Montana, Idaho and Oregon the danger was greatest

"On the Coeur d'Alene national forest, in northern Idaho Ranger Pulaski had under him forty men who after many hours of hard work had got a big fire practically under control Suddenly the wind strengthened until it blew a gale It immediately became a question of saving the lives of the men. The fire fighters were in a deep forest many miles from a railroad and far from any clearing

"Pulaski remembered that within a mile of where they were working there was an abandoned mine shaft running back about forty feet into the hillside He rushed his men to the shaft as quickly as possible and told them as they passed through their camp to catch up their blankets as they ran The shaft reached, Pulaski hurried his men into it and, packed like sardines, they filled it up Pulaski placed himself at the opening, across which he stretched a blanket

"Within a few minutes after the men were in the shaft the fire came The blanket at the opening caught, and Pulaski jerked it away and hung up another, which caught in its turn The blanket caught again and again, and each time Pulaski replaced it until toward the last he held the blanket across the opening with his bare hands

"The shaft grew hotter and hotter, and the smoke and fumes grew thicker and thicker until the men's sufferings were almost beyond human endurance They began to break for the opening Pulaski, whose strength was great, like his courage, for awhile forced them back Seeing that he would soon be overpowered and that his men would rush to their certain death he drew his revolver and said that he would kill the first man who broke away

"In perhaps twenty minutes the worst of the fire passed by Five of the men in the shaft were dead from suffocation the thirty five others were alive Pulaski was blinded and seriously burned upon the face and arms It was three months before his sight was partly restored Had not his heroism and presence of mind been what they were he would have lost all of his men instead of five That is the kind of men there are in the forest service"

"Unexpected" Company.

How one husband and wife managed the 'unexpected company' annoyance—that is, the unexpected company that the husband wanted to bring home to dinner—is told in the woman's Home Companion They agreed on Wednesday evening as "unexpected company" night. On that evening the wife regularly prepared for two extra at dinner in the little flat where they lived, should they appear The husband then picked up a couple of extra people on Wednesdays and took them along home, if he wanted to

"I always chuckled inwardly as my placid smile and well set table met the approving gaze of some Wednesday guest whom Tom had perhaps invited at the door of the office less than twenty minutes before"

Unique Church Sign.

A large sign on the Second Avenue Baptist church in New York city bears notices of services in seven languages Six foreign congregations—Slovak, Chinese Magyar Italian, Polish and Greek—attend services at this church, and each nationality has its own pastor Besides these five services are held for English speaking people On the sign which is said to be about the largest church sign in the city, the time of each service is denoted by a clock at the left of the notice while to the right of the notice is the flag of the country in whose language the notice is printed.

Different Sort of Mystery.

"I wish I knew where my husband was,' remarked a lady whose spouse was irregular in his homecomings

"You mean I presume" responded her precise friend "that you wish you knew where your husband is?'

"No, I don't, was the retort. 'I know where he is He's up in his room sleeping off a headache I want to know where he was"—London Stray Stories

Dinner Was Costly.

Hewitt—When I took her out to dinner she said that she hadn't any more appetite than a canary bird Jewett—Didn't cost you much, then? Hewitt—You haven't any idea what a difference there is in birds—New York Press

What She Wanted.

They had been married but two months, and they loved each other devotedly He was in the back yard blacking his shoes 'Jack' she called at the top of her voice 'Jack come here, quick!"

He knew at once that she was in imminent danger He grasped a stick and rushed up two flights of stairs to the rescue He entered the room breathlessly and found her looking out of the window

"Look' said she— that's the kind of gown I want you to get me."—Harper's Magazine

The Eyes of the Japanese.

A Japanese friend of mine once saw among my papers a picture of an Englishwoman dressed in Japanese clothing

'She is no Japanese he said "She is European'

"How do you know that?" I asked him "Her costume is correct her hair is straight, she has no ornaments'

"Yes" he replied 'but look at her eyes Her eyes look out on the world as though she understood it. The Japanese woman never looks like that."—From "England Through Yellow Spectacles'

Notice of Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Hamlin Bank & Trust Company for the election of nine directors for the ensuing year and the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting will be held at the offices of the Company, 100 Main St, Smethport, Pa on Wednesday Jan 10th 1912, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon

RALPH E BURDICK,
Secretary

Smethport Pa, Dec 14th, 1911

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